

GUIDE TO ONE-UPMANSHIP



THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

JUNE
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CONFESSTIONS OF A WOULD-BE PLAYBOY

HOW THE NAUGHTIEST CITY IN THE WORLD GOT THAT WAY

THE FINE ART OF BEING INSULTING



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Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

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JUNE, 1961
VOL. 5, NO. 1

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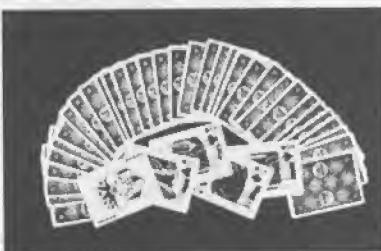
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BY KEN NOBLE

BOOKS AND RECORDS

THE STARS AND STRIPES STORY OF WORLD WAR TWO (McKay) by Robert Meyer, Jr. Veterans of World War Two well remember the enjoyment they received with each issue of *Stars and Stripes*, the newspaper written exclusively for and about servicemen. In this book, Mr. Meyer has collected a fine representation of the articles, stories and humor which made up *Stars and Stripes* and, interspersing them with his own comments, presents an excellent chronological accounting of World War Two.

The correspondents here assembled include Ernie Pyle, Irwin Shaw, Herb Mitgang, Bill Brinkley, Jimmy Cannon and others. From the newspapers' inception in April, 1942, to the end of the war in September, 1946, their stories chronicle the events of the war years with interest and often with warm humor. The battles, plans, dreams, blood, sweat and tears, the conveniences and inconveniences, the songs we sang, the girls we loved, the places we saw, are all recollected in these pages. The cover and end papers are decorated with cartoons by the servicemen's favorite cartoonists, Bill Mauldin, Dave Breger and George Baker.

Whether the second World War is something you remember only hazily, or whether you were very much a part of it, you will enjoy tremendously this nostalgic anthology.

A WELL-KNOWN FACE (Washburn) by Josephine Bell. A woman is about to sue for divorce her doctor husband on the grounds of desertion when he turns up, murdered, in her own dining room! The wife, along

with two former business partners of the dead man, is considered a suspect. Fans of Josephine Bell, or of good mystery yarns, for that matter, will read avidly this highly suspenseful and skillfully executed novel.

DON SHIRLEY TRIO (Cadence). Don Shirley's artistry at the piano is a wonder to behold.

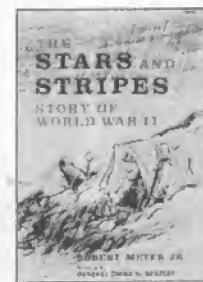
Truly a creative and talented man, he ably demonstrates his unique ability on this record. With Ken Fricker on bass and Juri Taht on cello, the trio perform a variety of tasty selections. In a tribute to Billie Holiday they play four numbers closely associated with her: "Traveling Light," "Don't Explain," "Easy Living," and "God Bless The Child." Their interpretation of the Gershwin standard, "The Man I Love," is wonderfully fresh and forceful.

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET AT THE LIGHTHOUSE (Riverside). This live on-the-spot recording captures the warmth and soulful spontaneity of this group in half a dozen varied selec-

tions. The setting is the most famous of West Coast jazz night clubs, The Lighthouse in Los Angeles. Inspired, no doubt, by the enthusiastic response of their audience, the quintet blend their talents in rhythmic, earthy, soul-satisfying renditions.

GUITAR GROOVE: RENE THOMAS (Jazzland). This record marks the American debut of Belgian Rene Thomas, a jazz guitarist of extraordinary skill. Teamed with J. E. Monterose, who plays tenor sax, Albert Heath on drums, Hod O'Brien on piano and Teddy Kotick on bass, he has one of the year's best albums.

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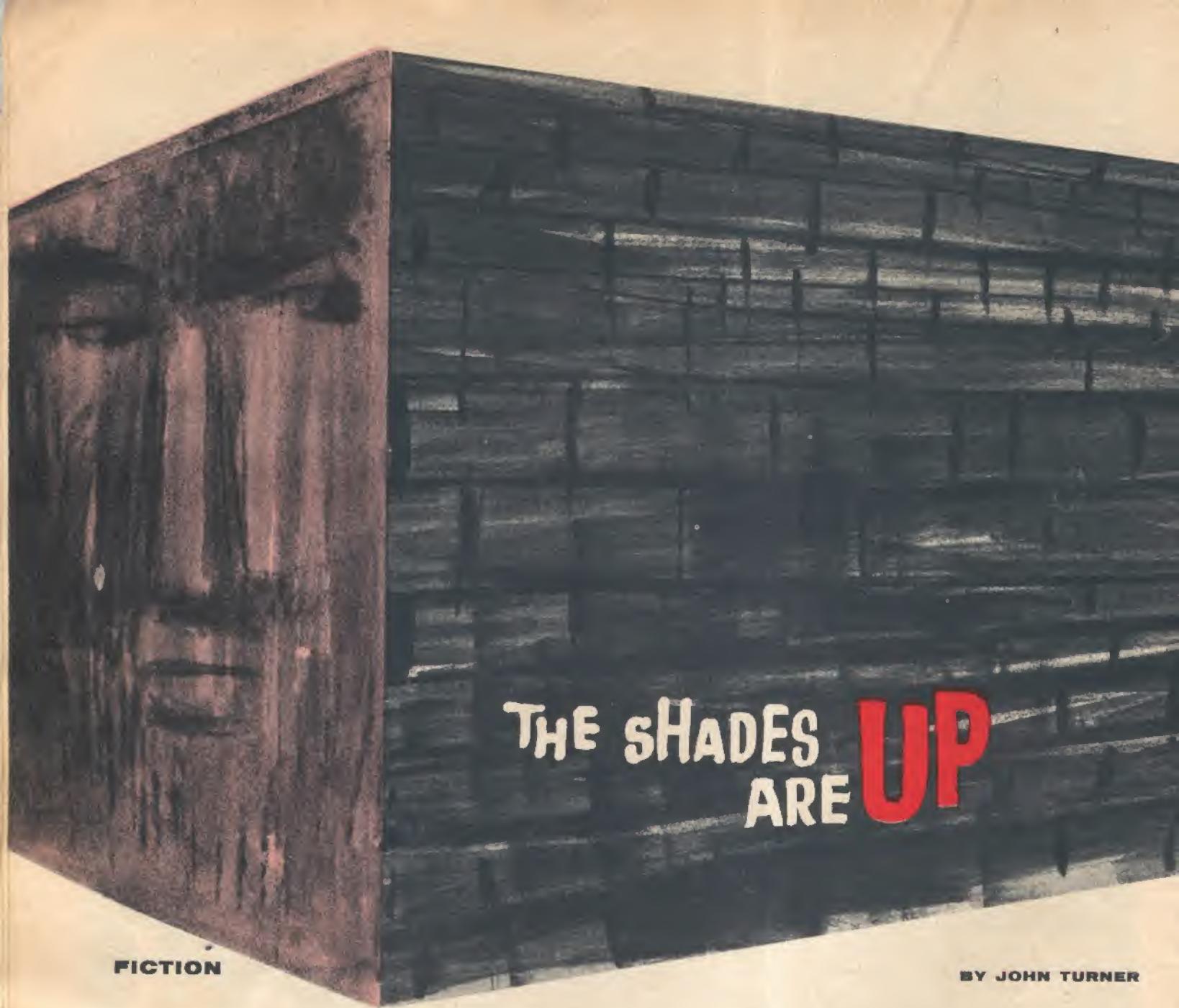


THE SONATA



THE ESQUIRE





THE SHADES ARE UP

FICTION

BY JOHN TURNER

When a perfect female figure is thrust in front of a fellow's eyes, what else can he do but look?

ON THE THIRD NIGHT the woman next door undressed before her bedroom window, North decided he'd have to do something about it.

It was bad enough that she'd spent most of the three weeks she'd been living next door walking around in breath-taking shorts in the backyard. It was bad enough she chose to disrobe in the window facing his room, and at the same time he went to bed. But the worst thing was the fact that North's wife wasn't at home to distract his attention. Joan was gone for two weeks, and he devoutly hoped his in-laws were enjoying her presence as much as he was disliking her absence.

North had to contend with an empty bed plus the disturbing Mrs. Williams at the window next door.

Had she been a dumpy, fattening house-drudge, North might have snorted at the spectacle she was making of herself. Maria Williams, however, was neither dumpy

nor fat; she bulged in no places but the right places.

The supple, gently muscled lines of her body left North's mouth dry. Despite himself, he had taken up a regular vigil at the bedside window, reclining on the bed in the darkness, his eyes straining across the darkened yard at the square of white where Maria Williams blithely undraped herself.

He watched her for three nights as she stood squarely in the center of the window, the shade three-quarters up, her hands working nimbly yet lingeringly over the buttons and catches and zippers that held the garments that, in turn, contained the superb body. Each night, she stood facing North's house, drawing the sweater—or blouse, or jersey—over her head luxuriously, shaking a cascade of blonde hair, then arching her shoulders to reach straps and hooks that remained. The sequence was unchanging. She bared the upper body, then worked on



the lower with a seemingly effortless abandon.

North grew more disturbed nightly, but the fascination was compelling and it was a mixed-emotions conscience that finally urged him to do something about the matter. He made that resolution the third night, between the acts, so to speak, before Maria Williams began on the lower level of adornment. The resolution was briefly suspended, replaced in his consciousness by the tableau across the yard.

She had resumed, working swiftly on the skirt, standing on one, then the other foot, until her legs were free of it. Then slowly she turned her back to the window, wriggled gently, discreetly, and freed herself of the remaining garment. In almost the same motion, she reached for the wall switch and the room went dark.

North found himself remembering blackout routines in the burlesque houses of his mildly turbulent youth.

He had assumed a regimen of cold showers and warm milk before bed. Regardless, he had been rolling and turning in the unaccustomed emptiness beneath the sheets. There could be no doubt about it. Something had to be done.

His mind explored one idea. Don't look. North rejected the naiveté. Might as well forsake breathing.

There was another possibility, considerably more direct and North was nothing if not direct. He began it

with a businesslike phone call the next evening.

"Mrs. Williams?" North inquired of the phone. "I'm Jack North, next door. We've only met a couple of times, but I wonder if you'd do something for me? Tonight, when you get ready for bed, would you give the shade a tug—down, I mean?"

He listened to the silence, then heard what sounded like a soft chuckle. "The shade?"

"In your bedroom," North explained. "The window faces my room. A direct line. On clear nights, the visibility would surprise you."

The soft sound of laughter was still in her voice. It relaxed him. He had been afraid she might become insulted, consequently insulting. "I'm sorry if I've offended you. But, we've only been here a month or so—"

"Three weeks," he attested.

"—and I really had no idea where your bedroom might be."

"Oh, sure," North said, agreeably. "Well, we'll have to get together and see each other's house sometime, hmm?" North paused, thought over what he had said, decided he didn't like the possibilities of it, and amended, "That is, get to know each other, and so on."

"Judging from your call, you're somewhat ahead of me in that regard," Maria Williams said, mildly.

"Well, to a point," North said, (Continued on p. 60)



EVERY LITTLE

It's the individual words that make great

literature, the individual brush-strokes that make

great painting and, as topflight ecdisiast

Eve Adam proves, it's the individual motions that

make for great artistry on the nitery stage!

ONE NIGHT, a short while back, a ringsider at the *Near 'N' Far Club* in Hollywood was watching the exotic dance act of ecdisiast Eve Adam. The customer's eyes stayed riveted on the uninhibited torso-tossing of the nitery star for a long time. Then, with a sigh of appreciation, he turned to his companion at the table and was overheard to remark: "That reminds me—I forgot to wind my watch!" In a sense, without realizing it, the customer was summing up the highly individualistic technique which has made the 27-year-old entertainer one of the most popular attractions on the nitery circuit of the nation. The patron had drawn the parallel between the delicate movement of a watch mechanism and the equally delicate and meaningful movements which make up Eve's act. With a twinkle in her eye, Eve will tell you that where her dance is concerned, in the words of the old song, "Every little movement has a meaning all its own." Although she kids about it, the truth is that the motions she goes through have been carefully planned and rehearsed and each of them does have an individual meaning. Not only that, but each of them has a meaning (Continued on p. 12)



Eve's dance conveys the basic nature of mankind and its striving for betterment

MOVEMENT...

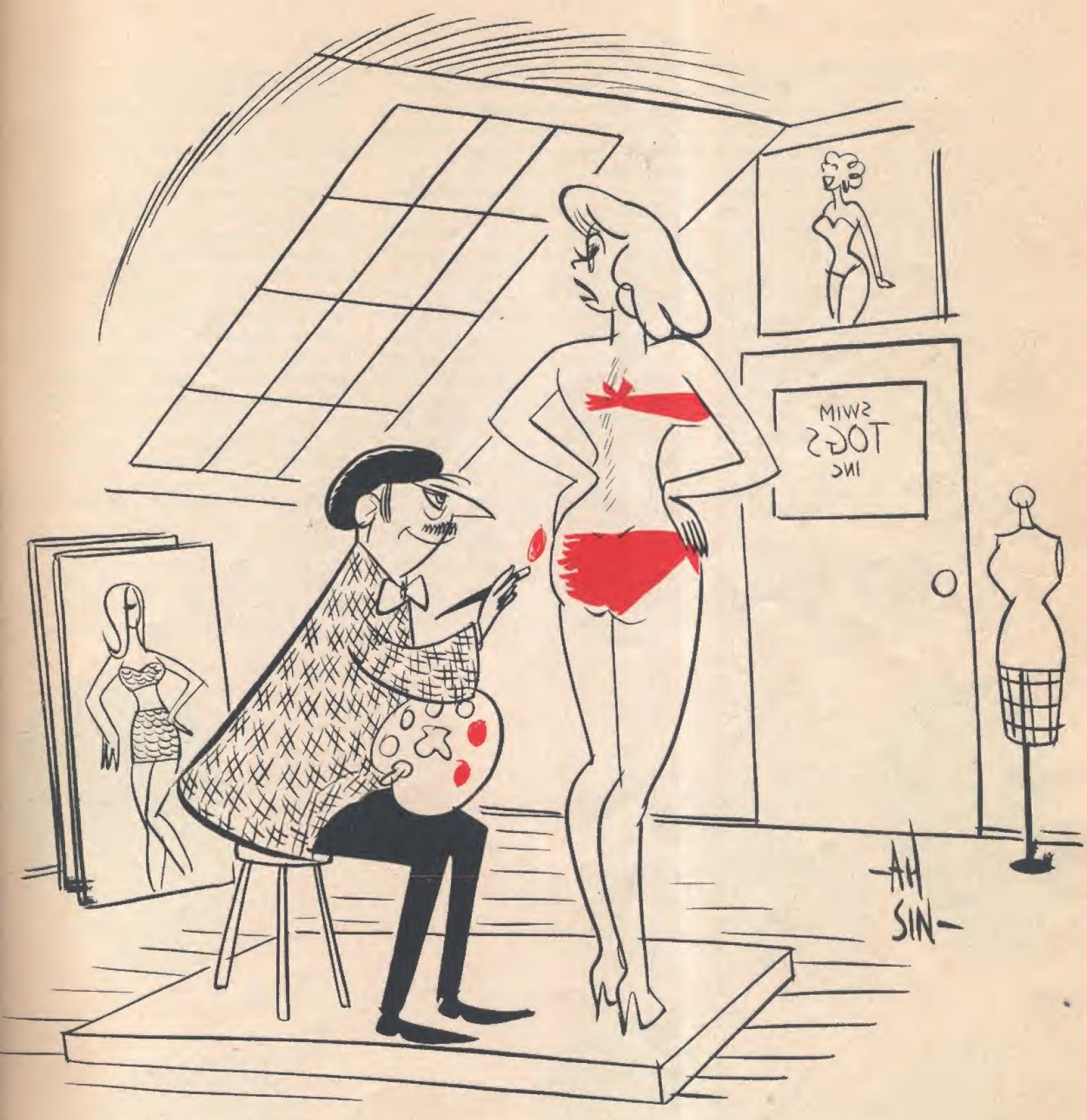


Although she stresses the serious interpretations which form her dance, the average viewer finds it just plain good entertainment.



in keeping with her dance as a whole; each of them is an integral part of the entire feeling which the dance conveys. What is this feeling? *The Human Basic* might best define it, and to understand what is meant by that, you must consider the elemental emotions which Eve has devised dance movements to convey. Natural savagery and mankind's striving to overcome it, innate passion and the battle to transform it into the more idealistic forms of love, the basic hungers of the spirit and the never-ending struggle to civilize those hungers, man's (or more accurately, woman's) animal beginnings and constant striving towards further human development—these are the elements of the tale Eve tells in motion. But, lest the impression be given that Eve's act is overpowering in its artfulness, let us hasten to add that it is also superb when viewed as just plain old-fashioned torso-tossing. From a slow, insinuating start, Eve builds to a frenzied, heatwave ending where every little movement has an excitement all its own that anybody, high, middle, or lowbrow can appreciate. The proof is in the standing ovations she often receives at the conclusion of the dance. Then the movement's a mass one—to heap accolades on this top performer! •





"... This still seems like a strange way to design swim suits!"

To some, the insult is the shortest route to losing friends and alienating people. But to those who

WOULD YOU LIKE to be a great social success? Are you eager to be looked on as a lovable character? Do you harbor dreams of being regarded as an off-beat personality? Would you like to have people gather around you in excited little knots, awaiting your every utterance and ready to commit it to memory? In short, would you like enormous acclaim?

The recipe is easy. Be insulting.

Right now, the hottest individual in so-called smart circles is the guy with the nastiest tongue. This is true not only in social circles, where your insulting range is limited to persons you know, but in the entertainment field, where you may insult the whole world at large, without fear of retribution. In fact, it is in the entertainment world itself that the art of the insult has achieved its finest flower.

Let me show you what I mean.

A well-dressed man sits at ringside at a fashionable New York nightclub with a large party. On-

stage is a loud, boisterous type master of ceremonies. He points a finger at the well-dressed spectator.

"Look at him," the comedian screams. "Looks like he got a mail-order haircut and they sent back the wrong head. He's the best argument I've heard yet in favor of birth control. I understand he's throwing this party tonight because he passed an insurance test this afternoon. First exam he ever passed. I'm not saying he's not bright, mind you, I'm just saying that if a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, he's carrying an atomic bomb around with him."

The audience, of course, bursts into torrents of laughter at this stream of abuse. You hesitate to even look at the victim, shuddering in embarrassment for him. When you do finally steal a peek, you find that he too is fairly rocking with laughter. So, also, is every member of his party, including his wife, son and daughter-in-law.

This Spartan attitude toward ridicule is indicative of the reception

generally given the new trend in nightclub comedy.

The most popular comics now holding the center of the stage in the nightclub, sometimes referred to as the "last stronghold of robust, Rabelaisian humor," are the insulters. Performers like Don Rickles, Jack E. Leonard, Lenny Bruce and others have built formidable reputations on their ability to shrivel a victim with their tongues.

Not only the customers, but the victims themselves, love it. "Didja hear what so-and-so said about me last night at El Clippo?" one sucker might remark to another. "He said that was a pretty nice suit I was wearing. Who shines it for me?" The comment is always made with great pride, as if the narrator were describing a Congressional citation for valor.

So, if you want to be known as a great wit among your friends (and enemies as well), the process is simple enough. Be as insulting as you can. Bite not only the hand that

FINE ART THE OF



Masters of the pungent retort are nitery comedian Jack E. Leonard and bearded film star Monty Wooley.

Author-critic Dorothy Parker's double-edged insults are probably the most quoted of anybody's. Sample: "She ran the gamut of emotions from A to B," said Miss Parker of an actress' performance.

have mastered the art, the barbed phrase is an arrow pointing the way to popularity and success!

feeds you, but every other hand within biting distance.

Be like Toots Shor, for instance. The loose-lipped, flabby giant who for years presided over the restaurant favored by most of New York's smart sporting set attained tremendous prestige as a wit and "personality boy" because he always had a stream of abuse ready and waiting for his favored customers.

"Hello, you old crumb bun" was the salty salutation that won him more or less undying fame. He would then follow this up with some such brilliant sallies as "When did they let you out of the pen, you miserable swindler? Sorry I didn't recognize you last time I saw you. You were sober. Are you still too cheap to buy me a drink?"

Patrons so hailed by the Great Man considered it a mark of vast social success that they were singled out for this kind of greeting. The word quickly got out that "when Toots welcomes you politely, look out—you're in trouble."

Of course, the Art of the Insult is nothing new. It is as old as social intercourse. For centuries past professionals—artists, writers, actors, editors, newspapermen—have built up imposing reputations solely on the strength of their vicious tongues.

Stage and nightclub comedians have always maintained reservoirs of insults for special occasions, but these were generally reserved for their fellows, not the public at large.

Groucho Marx, for instance, was for years the acknowledged peer of all insulters. Persons who would like to be really nasty would do well to dig into his past films for material if they want to pass as insulters par excellence.

What, for instance, could surpass Groucho's remarks to a particularly dignified, aging society matron who had the ill fortune to cross paths with the irrepressible Marx? Going into a long, rambling dissertation on nothing of any consequence, he closes by saying: "And so, madame, if you're smart, you'll buy this in-

surance policy and be prepared for your old age, which ought to be here any day now—if I'm any judge of horseflesh."

Having been formally presented to an elderly gentleman who rapidly turns out to be a first-class bore, Groucho politely asks the man: "How much would it cost for me to buy back my introduction to you?"

Approached by a celebrity hound at a cocktail party who assured him that "of course you remember me, Mr. Marx," Groucho snapped: "I never forget a face, but I'll make an exception in your case." When a dowager of at least 60 trying to look like 16 gushed: "I just adore Nature," Marx said: "That's what I call loyalty. After what Nature did to her!"

"I've had a wonderful evening," Groucho once said to a host after leaving a party, "but this wasn't it." On another occasion he met a distinguished English society couple who put on great airs and politely said to (Continued on next page)

BEING

INSULTING

Broadway's most masterful insulter was John Barrymore, while Groucho Marx introduced the art of being insulting to TV viewers.





Joe E. Lewis, whose retorts to hecklers are masterpieces of insult, shows Gary Crosby congratulatory wires at Vegas opening.

him as they left: "We'll be at home next Friday evening, between six and eight." "So," said Groucho, "will I."

Among non-stage notables who possess a formidable reputation for their sharp-tongued ripostes, Dorothy Parker undoubtedly is considered tops, although many of the remarks generally credited to her are, as critics are fond of saying, apocryphal. That is, they may not have actually been said, but they could have been.

Many of the devastating Miss Parker's witticisms have been used and used again so often that they have become clichés in the vocabulary of the insult. For instance, when a friend once wondered what certain New York salon habitues did between cocktail parties, her quick rejoinder was: "Oh, they probably

crawl back into the woodwork."

Possibly even more famous is her comment on the performance of a no-talent actress. "She ran the gamut of emotions," said Miss Parker, "from A to B." Of another, who gave birth to a child after weeks and weeks of publicly parading her pregnancy, Dotty said: "We all knew she had it in her."

An insult deathless in the roster of killing remarks is the line read by Monte Wooley, the bearded intellectual and sophisticate, in "*The Man Who Came to Dinner*." Speaking to a highly unattractive female, he drawls, "My aunt died at the age of 87. Four days after she died, she looked better than you do right now."

The late John Barrymore had a wit that shriveled all those who aroused his antagonism. One of these

Tops as an insulter among restaurateurs, Toots Shor believes in taking cover. Actually, he's watching demolition of his eatery.



was none other than the great Garbo herself. As a young Swedish actress freshly arrived from her native land, where she once worked for a short time in a barber shop, Greta had the audacity to suggest that the Great Profile was doing something wrong in a scene with her.

"Madame," said Barrymore with characteristic scorn, "I was pursuing the acting profession when you were lathering beards in Stockholm." She never forgave him.

It was Barrymore, too, who put another actress in her place. He was playing "Hamlet" in New York one matinee, when Jane Cowl, the well-known star, took her place in a box. Throughout the performance, she constantly shifted around in her seat, made audible comments on the play, and used every other device known to an artful woman to draw attention to herself.

At the conclusion of the drama, Barrymore made a short curtain speech. At the end, he said: "I should like to thank Miss Jane Cowl for co-starring with me here this afternoon."

Of the same era as Barrymore, but virtually unknown to the present younger generation, was Wilson Mizner, generally conceded by those who ought to know, as the greatest insulter of all time. Wilson was a brother of the architect, Addison Mizner, who founded Boca Raton, Florida. An aristocratic ne'er-do-well, Wilson spent most of his life in the underworld, as a working resident as well as an astute observer.

The tall, rawboned Mizner was responsible for many nasty cracks that have become part of the American legend. It was he, for instance, who on being told that President Calvin Coolidge had died, asked: "How could they tell?" Discussing a theatrical producer who remained arrogant through a succession of flops, Mizner flipped: "Failure has gone to his head." He once told a stuck-up movie magnate that a "teacup would fit over your head like a sunbonnet."

No student of the devastating insult can afford not to know Mizner. Such lines as "I've seen better heads on umbrellas," "He's so crooked he'd steal a red-hot stove," "Be nice to people on the way up, because you'll meet them again coming down," and (Continued on p. 61)



Sherry Flip!

For indoor intoxication it would be hard

to find a more pleasant potion than a Sherry

Flip. And for the most intoxicating sight

we've seen outdoors this year, we'll also flip for Sherry—Sherry Everett, that is, a pert redhead who puts the spice in the wine of nature whenever she takes her car for a jaunt over the countryside. Yes, Sherry makes us flip, and what makes Sherry flip the most is the chance to bare her charms to the breeze and the sun and cavort without a care in the world through uninhabited glens and glades. Ah, the wine of youth!



SEE NEXT PAGE



Sherry gets a real champagne charge out of discovering the ruins of an old, abandoned mansion. She bubbles with delight at the unexpected discoveries she makes during her bucolic wanderings.



Whether perched on a fence, a wall, or relaxing in a meadow, Sherry's always a sight to make the soberest passerby's head spin. However, she's careful to pick spots where there are no people. Being seen almost dudsless would make Sherry flip!







Hypnosis, the Professor claimed, was the key to success with the ladies. But hypnosis can backfire!

"**M**ISTER HENDERSON?" the large, florid man in the doorway asked.

"Yes."

"Mr. Elroy B. Henderson?"

"That's right."

"Good, sir. May I step into your domicile for a brief talk?"

Henderson, a tall, slim man in his mid-twenties, moved back automatically as his visitor pushed his way forward. "If you're selling anything," he started to protest, "I really don't want . . ."

"Patience, Mr. Henderson," the stranger said as he closed the front door behind him. "Patience is a virtue that is all too seldom exercised these rushed and harried days."

"If I may make a suggestion, sir, you should never reject anything out of hand. First you must ascertain what is for sale. Secondly, you must decide whether or not you wish, desire or desperately need it. Then

and only then can you make up your mind, coolly and dispassionately, whether to purchase or reject it.

"Do you agree with my appraisal, sir?"

"I suppose so."

"Then permit me to introduce myself." The stranger took a calling card from his pocket and, with a theatrical flourish, handed it to Henderson.

"Professor V. C. L. Boone," Henderson read aloud. "Professional Hypnotist?"

"Yes, sir. Boone is my name and Hypnotism my line. And I come to grant you a boon, sir, a favor that may change your entire life. But first, if you have no objections, I must ask you a few questions."

"Ask away," Henderson said weakly.

"Do you live here alone, sir?" Boone took out a pencil and notebook. His sharp eyes glanced quickly

over his host's shoddy one-and-a-half room flat.

"Yes."

"You are a bachelor?"

"Yes."

"And how, Mr. Henderson, is your love life? Please do not think me impertinent. I have a reason for asking."

"It's all right, I suppose . . ."

"But not as active as you'd wish? When was the last time you . . . er . . . enjoyed the companionship of a young woman?"

"Last month I took out a girl from my office. We went to a movie and . . ."

"And what?"

"And nothing. That's the problem, if you really want to know the truth. Most of the time it's nothing."

"That is sad, sir. But do not despair. Soon, all that will change. Just a few more questions, now, if you don't mind." (Continued p. 64)





Interior Decoration

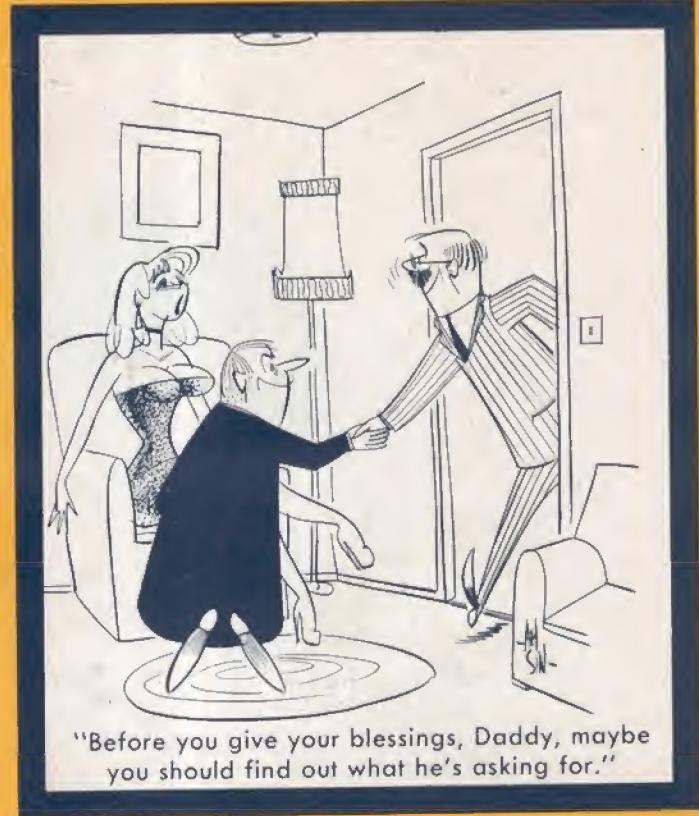
Some folks go for modern, while
others have a preference for Colonial,
or French Provincial, but any
decor shines in Mary Caryl's presence!

In her neat little apartment,
Mary mixes styles freely. She's
of the opinion that furnishings
should express her personality,
not some standard pattern.

Comfort comes first in Mary's
scheme of interior decoration.
She favors soft colors and those
accessories which will blend
into a relaxed atmosphere.

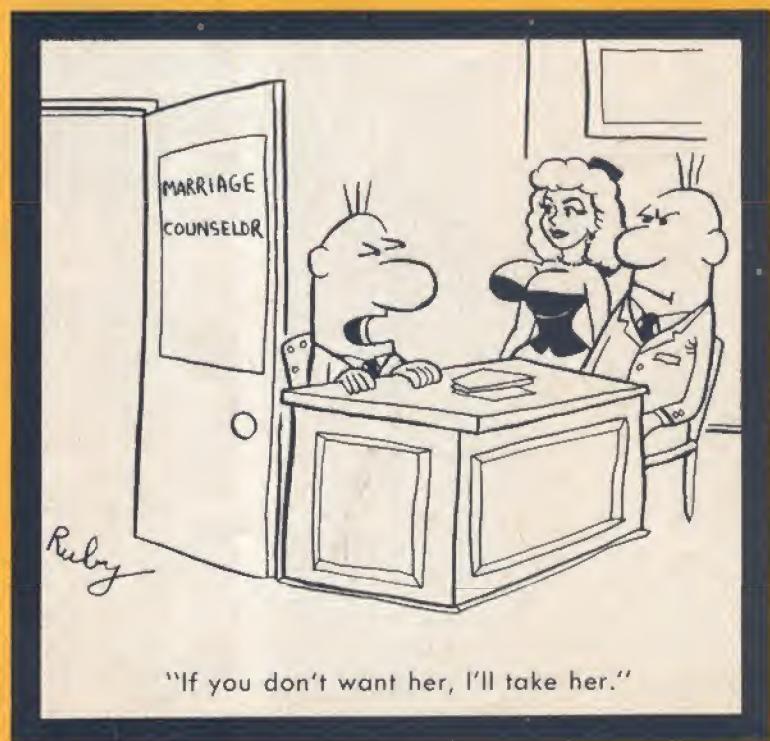
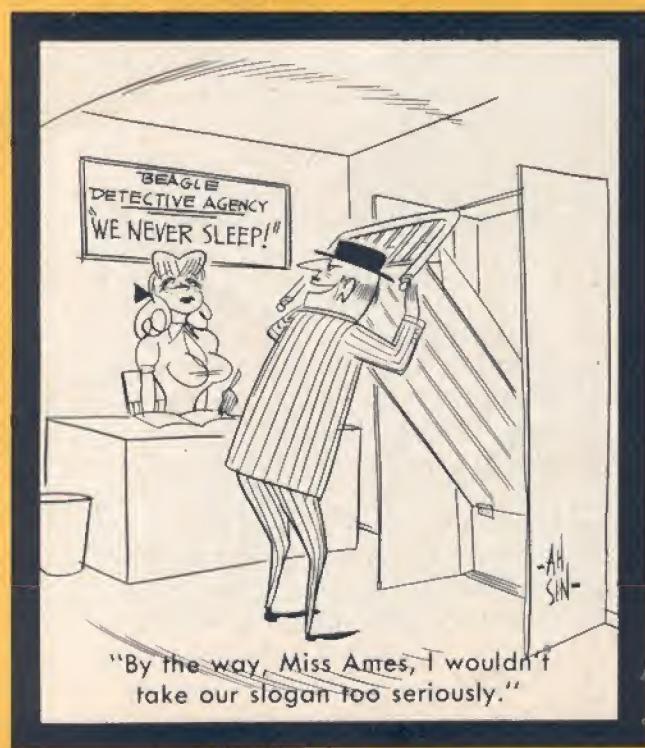






DANGER: WOLVES AT WORK!







"**H**OW'D the vacation go?" we asked a co-worker who had just returned from a week at a well-known resort hotel in the Adirondacks. He grimaced. "It would have been great," he told us, "if it hadn't

Everybody into

been for the pain-in-the-neck they had up there with the title of 'Activities Director.'

He didn't have to explain. Anybody who has ever gone away for a rest and fallen victim to the resort practice of "Planned Activities" would sympathize with him.

the Pool

"Planned Activities" in resort parlance stands for the conviction that the vacationer has to be kept

busy every minute of every day. To see that this is accomplished, most big resorts hire an "Activities Director." It is his job to see that the vacationer doesn't waste his time lying in the sun, sleeping late, or engaging in conversation with somebody he might find interesting. Usually, he's an impressively muscular fellow with a face full of teeth and a voice like a cheery foghorn. He's the man-in-motion of resort-dom and in his wake will always be found a trail of perspiration pools. In some places he's known as the "man who smiles like a razor blade"—and the smile is usually accompanied by his singular call which sounds like this: "Everybody into the pool!" It's a command trilled with the gift of spurious laughter. And it's a command that must be obeyed. To ignore it is to be ostracized, to be a stick-in-the-mud, a poor sport, a party-pooper, and, worst of all, to be responsible for replacing that buoyant smile with a grimace of disillusionment. "I can't seem to get to him," he'll tell the resort manager later and then he'll go to his room to brood. It may take him as many as 20 pushups to get over your refusal to join the group activity. He stands in relationship to the vacationing group like a top sergeant to his platoon—the main difference being that the Activities Director works them much harder. The result is that many resort-goers spend their entire vacation trying to dodge him. His is the method of the 'hard sell.' But why not try the 'soft sell' approach? Apropos of that idea, are the pictures on these pages of Yvonne Odin, our conception of the Activities Director we'd most like to be 'soft sold' by. With Yvonne in the pool, "Everybody into the pool!" would become a superfluous phrase. Just try to keep them out! The laziest vacationer would find himself rising early to view this beauty. She would have no trouble rounding up participants for a volleyball game, a croquet tournament, or, even a nature hike. She'd be any resort's insurance of plenty of activities and lots of return customers. Yvonne's just the girl to put the fun back into vacations!



Knights and Nighties

In the Age of Cuckoldry, the boldest Knights fought their most memorable battles in the boudoir!

IN DAYS OF OLD, as the rhyme states, knights were bold. They were bold on the field of battle when they were all dressed up in their metal suits and hoisted onto their sway-back mounts. They were bold in the field of romance where the opponent was of a far softer variety. They were especially bold and gay if the woman in question happened to be another man's wife.

The ancient game of "cuckoldry," or making out with somebody else's mate, reached its highest peak back in the days of chivalry. Love in those days had nothing to do with marriage. If that popular song were written then, it would go: "You can't have one *with* the other." All the great romances involved some sort of extra-curricular activity.

Not that cuckoldry was not without its dangers. Some husbands took a disgustingly narrow view of such goings on. A few even punctured their wife's lover with a handy spear or chopped him with a battle-axe. One husband not only slaughtered his wife's boyfriend, but cut out his heart and served it to the lady for dinner! The wife promptly committed suicide.

But this sort of unsportsmanlike action was comparatively rare and was frowned upon in polite society. The husband with those weird culinary ideas, for example, was put to death by personal order of the King of Aragon. The king also ordered the two lovers to be buried in the same tomb and set up a festival in their honor. While this did not do that particular pair any good, it did serve notice on husbands not to go too far in their war on wife thieves.

The safest way for a nobleman to enjoy another man's wife was to exercise his "right of prehension." This was similar to modern kids' ritual of first "dibs." Only, instead of having dibs on marbles or toys, they had them on the brides of the lower orders.

Chivalry, courtesy and the like only referred to the behavior of lords and ladies with other lords and ladies. The serfs and peasants were in an entirely different category. A lucky nobleman had the right to spend the first night with the bride of one of his serfs.

If a serf was not happy about bringing his new bride up to the local castle for a trial run, he did not show it. The knight would bring her back the next morning a little worse for wear. And if she was just a little bit pregnant, the knight could probably be talked into giving a little something to help the kid get started.

But while the average seigneur continued to exercise his right with peasantry, this did (Continued on p. 68)



BY JAY MARTIN





Mr. Moto's Motto

"I always get my man," has always been the credo of Mr. Moto, but now, with lovely Yuki Tani around, he's had to modify it slightly. She's obviously just not the manly type.

MORE





There's nothing Marquand's fictional hero, Mr. Moto, enjoys more than a good unsolved mystery—which he then proceeds to untangle with relish. But one puzzle that still has the soft-spoken sleuth pleasantly befuddled, is the mysterious allurement of Yuki Tani. Graceful as an exquisite Japanese print, Yuki's olive-skinned loveliness has Moto in close pursuit. And, as has been his habit in the past, Moto should ultimately fathom the secret of her many charms. When you do, Mr. Moto, let us in on it, will you? Thank you, Mr. Moto.



BY SAMUEL MELDORF

A Diplomatic Affair

Hakim was just the man to negotiate the oil lease. He was pro-American. He was anti-Red. And he had one other qualification . . .

TOP SECRET
GUNSLINGER TO BIG GUN
RE QUICKDRAW

Operation Quickdraw in effect. Cooperation Sultan of Bengara secured exchange promise aid dollars finance housing project for harem, lifting of embargo on Coca Cola and fifty MM calendars. Calendars clinched Quickdraw, overcoming Sultan's Point Three (delivery of MM in the flesh). Sultan assures topmost diplomatic cooperation obtaining oil leases from nephew, King Agar of Transrabia.

Data received Agar still firmest anti-American monarch Mid-East. That reason Sultan exert utmost influence pre-negotiations. Info Americans still barred Transrabia. Therefore Sultan loaning us personal aide Hakim ben Arra as go-between.

Sultan vouches Hakim top loyal. Also top diplomat. Interview confirms. Hakim intelligent. Hakim pro-Yank. Hakim anti-Red. Minus side, Hakim staunch Presley fan. This negligible in view one topmost special qualification . . .

Boris Markevich's hand played 'this-is-the-church-and-this-is-the-steeple' as he coldly surveyed his underlings. Finally, he spoke:

"I have found out why King Agar has balked at signing the oil leases."

"The Americans?" ventured a comrade, hoping the eternal scapegoat would divert Markevich's wrath from the rest of them.

"Of course the Americans, you fool!" Markevich fileted the spine from his body with a scathing look. "Is that what I shall tell Moscow?" His voice became mincing. "The capitalistic, imperialistic American tycoons are giving us trouble. Would you like to carry that message to the Kremlin, Josef?"

Josef tried to scrunch his backside through the bottom of the chair.

"I thought not. Comrade Khrushchev isn't interested in excuses. He wants results. Now the Americans have gotten the Sultan of Bengara to put pressure on the King. The Sultan is the King's favorite uncle and our position is serious."

"One Hakim ben Arra, a personal aide to the Sultan, is here in Zanda to represent the Americans. When the Sultan feels the King is ripe to deal with the Americans, ben Arra will be notified to present his credentials. Before that time, we must dispose of him."

"A bullet in the back some dark night," suggested a comrade thoughtfully.

"Tasteless poison in his wine," offered another.

"An automobile accident," reflected a third.

Markevich looked at them wearily and shook his head in disgust. "Killing! That's all you know! You animals don't stop to think! (Continued on p. 66)

Return

**Whether she's known as MM, BB,
or the "It" girl, the Goddess of
Love always returns. Is her next
incarnation among these sirens?**

WAY BACK when the Greeks had a word for it, the word was *Aphrodite*. It identified the Goddess of Love and stood for everything that was desirable in a woman. Since those days, the Love Goddess has reappeared at many times, in many forms—all female, but all subtly different. In the Middle Ages she was Eleanor of Aquitaine whose Court of Love laid down the rules for chivalry. In the gay 90s she was Lillian Russell whose hour-glass figure set the standard for feminine beauty. With the advent of the roaring 20s, Clara Bow's boyish figure was "It" for aspiring Love Goddesses. In the 30s there was Jean Harlow and in the 40s it was Ann Sheridan's "Oomph" and Lana Turner's sweater that marked Aphrodite's return. More recently, it's been Marilyn Monroe and Jane Mansfield who've made the large bosom the hallmark of the Love Goddess. They represent the ideal of today. And tomorrow? You can be sure the Love Goddess will return. She always has. Possibly she'll take the form of sultry, dark-haired Donnie Ronson. Or perhaps she'll be a blonde, outdoorsy type like our cover girl, Helle Wingsoe. These are only two of the possibilities ACE offers for your consideration on these pages. So, pick your Love Goddess! •

Donnie Ronson's smiling sultriness is reminiscent of once top Love Goddess Ava Gardner's exotic brunette appeal.



Inn of the Love Goddess



Cover girl Helle Wingsoe's pursed lips bring to mind Clara Bow, while Fay Wyatt (r.) summons memories of Hedy Lamarr in "Ecstasy,"

the picture that made her a Love Goddess. Will Helle, or Fay be tomorrow's Aphrodite?



Enigmatic eyes marked Jean Harlow as an Aphrodite symbol. Gypsy Allen has these and many more Harlow charms.



Salome needed seven veils to make it as a Love Goddess. Lovely June Summers needs but one.



The advent of modern plumbing provided the Love Goddess with a new shrine. Here Cha Cha Duprey makes her sudsy pitch for title.



Adam bit an apple and Eve turned into the first love Goddess. So Ginger Gibson poses Eve-ishly, holding guilty apple.

Will charms like those of
shapely Carole Dean identify
the Love Goddess of the future? Only
time—and public taste—will tell.





Confessions of a Would-Be Playboy

BY BROOKS VAN DYKE

WHAT HAS Baby Pignatari got that I haven't? (Outside of several million dollars, I mean?)

All right, I admit I'm not as handsome as Marlon Brando or Gregory Peck, but I'm as good-looking as Frank Sinatra. Maybe I'm not as witty as Shelley Berman or Mort Sahl, but I can kid around with the girls better than guys like Rubirosa, young Trujillo or Jorge Guinle.

So what's keeping me from winning world renown as an international playboy? What am I doing wrong?

It isn't that I haven't tried. As a matter of fact, I've devoted several years and a lot of hard-earned dough to the task. What happened? Nothing!

I've studied the techniques of all the Master Playboys. Not a day goes by that I don't bone up on magazine and newspaper articles which relate to the goings and comings, romances and escapades of one or another of the species. And where has it got me?

Nowhere!

I have practiced all the approved methods...the magnificent insouciance (look it up—I had to) of the late Errol Flynn, the bored attitude of an Aly Khan or a Rubirosa, the insulting nonchalance of a Frank Sinatra, even the jaded, old-man approach of a Tommy Manville, but nothing has come of it all.

For instance, I read how Francisco Pignatari—or "Baby," as the papers call him—courted some glamour girl not long ago down South America way. It seems that this girl was giving him the cold shoulder, and that's the one part of a gal's anatomy that we playboys don't care for.



If you want to

make it big with the

beauties, try the

techniques of the

elite. But don't try

them in Brooklyn!



So Baby brought up his heavy artillery. He bought out the entire contents of every florist shop in this South American city and had tons of flora delivered to the girl's hotel room. He hired half a dozen groups of strolling musicians and singers and had them serenade the beauty with sweet songs from early morn until even earlier morn. If I'm not mistaken, he even bought out the hotel she was staying in and had it renamed in her honor.

Well, sure enough, according to the papers, the girl weakened. A few days of this sort of treatment and she just collapsed in his arms. Then they drove off into the sunset in one of his snorting sports cars.

At the time I read this, I was making a heavy play for a lovely thing named Kim Gottlieb. She didn't live in a hotel in South America, but

with her folks in an apartment in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn. Kim wasn't exactly what you'd call beautiful in the strictest sense of the word. Her face was a little wide, but candor compels me to boast that she really had a terrific body. Great!

As I say, I had been giving Kim the treatment, (Continued on p. 40)



CONFESIONS OF A WOULD-BE PLAYBOY

and I had arrived at my usual destination—several feet on the home plate side of first base—at the time I read about Pignatari and his approach.

I decided to borrow a leaf from the gay caballero's book. There aren't so many florists around Kim's neighborhood, but I did manage to get six of them to send a huge raft of flowers up to her place.

Engaging a bunch of musicians was another piece of the Pignatari method I couldn't copy exactly, and it was manifestly impossible for me to buy the apartment house the Gottliebs lived in—it must have housed 250 families—but I did the next best thing.

I wrote a song called "Kim, Kim, Won't You Listen to Him," and I hired a guy I know who works in a bakery and is a pretty good singer. I told him to go around to her house and follow my instructions, which were to ring the bell and when Kim answered, to bust out singing the song right through to the end. The song went like this:

"Kim, Kim, won't you listen
to him,
The guy who loves you so true.
Kim, Kim, won't you listen to
him,
The guy you're making so blue.
Kim, Kim, you're driving me
mad,
You're the most luscious tomato
Any guy ever had.
So tell Ma and Dad
That you can be had
And the chap who gets you
Should be mighty glad
Kim, Kim etc. etc."

Gosh, everything went wrong!

First, Kim's old lady opened the door instead of the beauty herself, and the dumb cluck from the bakery busted right out singing anyway to Mrs. Gottlieb. She gave him one look and half a listen, then she called her husband and said: "Max, there's a drunk out here lookin' for trouble. Should I call the cops?"

Max looks the guy over and decides he won't need any help from the cops and tosses my sweet singer of romantic songs down the stairs.

And that was the end of my romantic idyll with the curvaceous Miss Gottlieb. I think maybe she was a little sore, not only on account of the guy singing, but... well, you see, I didn't have quite enough money for all the flowers and they sent the bill to old man Gottlieb for the rest.

Another time I was reading how Frank Sinatra and all the guys in his "Rat Pack" handle the dames. They use the insulting method. Treat 'em like dirt. According to what I read, Frankie Boy calls them all "broads" and stands them up and lets them wait on him. Stuff like that... and the girls love it, it says.

At that period of my career as a Would-Be Playboy, I was chasing a dame named Penny Suzuki Larson. Penny was actually Swedish, but she fancied she had a Japanese-type face, so she had her blonde hair dyed black and always got herself up in Oriental clothes so that she looked, at first glance, like a genuine dish of sukyaki. Her legs were rather large at the ankles for a dainty Japanese dish, but in other respects she was very well endowed.

Well, I decided to try the Rat Pack method on Penny Suzuki Larson.

I called her one evening after she got home from her job in a sardine packing plant. Without wasting time on any formalities like telling her my name, I got right to the point.

"Penny Suzuki," I said, "I'm coming over to get you in about fifteen minutes. You and I are running down to Dolan's for a couple of snorts, then we're running up to my flat for a bit of necking... and... if you play your cards right, I may go even further..."

I could hear a gasp of astonishment at the other end of the line, but before she could interrupt, I went on: "You're a nice broad, Penny Suzuki, and I promise you I may give you a little more of my time if you behave and make out all right on tonight's trial run. All right, now, shove a little make-up on that ugly little kisser of yours and get ready for the big thrill. I'll be on my way..."

With that, I slammed down the re-

ceiver.

I was rather surprised, when I got to Penny Suzuki's house, to find that she wasn't waiting outside for me. I had to ring the bell. Her old man answered. Her old man used to be known as "Swede" Killer Larson when he fought as a light heavyweight some years back.

You know, I'm surprised a guy like that never got to be champion. Why, he still had the kick of a mule in both fists. I carried lumps around for six months to prove it.

I've read a great deal about the guys who hang around El Morocco and places like that in New York and have won big reputations as Upper Level Playboys. These fellows, I learn, like to compete with each other to see who can make out best with the girls.

Guys like Richard Cowell, who inherited an oil fortune, and some South American millionaires, all of whom are named Jorge... they love to surprise each other by waltzing into these swank cafes every night with a different tomato on their arms. The way they score, I think, they get extra points if the girl is a new one that nobody has ever seen there before.

I figured out that what these guys do is get some beautiful doll and tell her that they'll make her famous, put her name in lights, get her picture in all the papers if she'll only go to El Morocco with him. Naturally, the girl is happy. Being seen with one of these Playboys means she may get a movie contract, or at least, meet a rich old guy who will keep her after the Playboy is finished.

I got to thinking about this and felt the idea had a lot of merit. I wasn't sure which lucky dame I would give the lift to Fame and Fortune, but after a lot of soul-searching, I decided on a terrific brunette bombshell named Fifi Braunfeld.

Fifi was an actress. Well, she wasn't exactly an actress... what it was was that she wanted to be an actress. While she waited, as she cleverly put it, for Opportunity to knock at her door, she took (Continued on p. 62)



"Come! Come! Miss Sweeney—You can't fight City Hall!"

GIRL WANTED

to pose for pictures of "Girl Wanted."

Corky Conway got the position and with her qualifications, it's easy to see why!



"SHOWROOM MODEL for Fur Wholesaler" was the way the first ad Corky considered read. "Mmm," she thought, "getting to wear chic furs every day, too."



Then "SALESGIRL, Lingerie" caught her eye and Corky pondered the advantages of picking up her flimsies at employees' discounts.

THE FIRST THING any young girl does when she's setting out on a career for herself is to read the "Help Wanted" section of her local newspaper. Corky Conway was no exception to this rule. Also, she discovered that these ads can be a big help to a girl in deciding just which career to pursue. They are an accurate key to the salary scales in various lines of work, to the qualifications a girl needs in different kinds of businesses, and to the specific interests a job may provide for the one who works at it. So Corky considered the ads and tried to envision herself doing various jobs. The results are these pictures. •



"LIFEGUARD, Female" drew her attention next and Corky mused about how it would be to get paid for beach-going.



"ACTRESS: No experience needed if applicant is type we are seeking" was one ad that had her seeing her name in lights.

"DANCING INSTRUCTOR Wanted" sounded real appealing and Corky started to think about brushing up on her cha-cha and trying for it.





"DEMONSTRATOR, Reducing Machines" made Corky flex her muscles, but she decided against applying because she didn't think her torso needed trimming.

Finally Corky saw our ad for "GIRL WANTED to pose for pictures of girl wanted" and decided to get dressed and try for the job. She got it.





"—Sure I can explain it—this week is the third annual convention of John Smiths!"

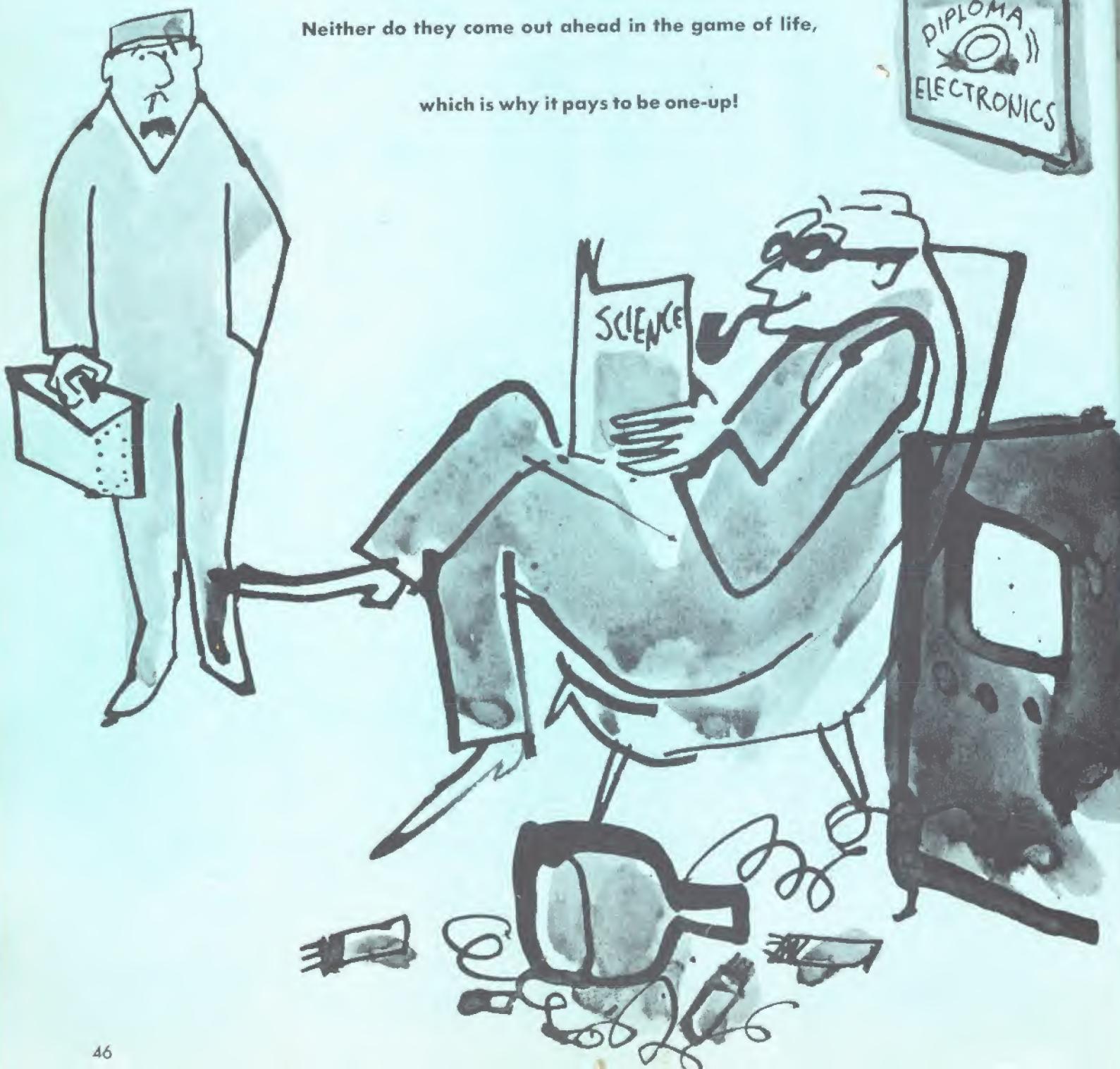
Guide to One-upmanship

BY ARTHUR BENSON

As Leo Durocher once said, "Nice guys don't win ball games."

Neither do they come out ahead in the game of life,

which is why it pays to be one-up!





WHAT IS "ONE-UPMANSHIP"? Alastair Sim explained it perfectly in the recent British comedy "School for Scoundrels." Portraying the principal in a college dedicated to teaching the rare art of one-upmanship, he advised his pupils to view the world as a great battlefield. The antagonists are rather unfairly matched—there is the rest of the world on one side, and *you* on the other! One-upmanship is the only possible strategy you can employ in this eternal battle. It is the supreme tactic of being "one-up" on everyone else.

And just how is the eager student expected to accomplish this feat? Perhaps the best way to explain the theory is by example. A young man finds himself cornered at a wild party by an unbearable bore, who insists on describing his psychoanalysis step by tedious step. He has been held captive for an hour and a half, without having been able to squeeze in one word, and he is too polite to simply get up and walk away. What can he possibly do that will assure his immediate escape? Why, the next time the bore pauses for breath, he should smile, nod his head, and announce clearly: "*Monsieur, je ne comprend pas L'Anglais!*" Then, while the shocked stiff is still scratching his head, our hero can make his diplomatic departure!

Sound easy? It is. The only prerequisite to the course is a spirit of dedication. A man must be so fed

up with being the loser in the great war that he would rather die than turn tail. The slightest hint of softness in his armor will doom him forevermore. Naturally, the most difficult battle for any man lies in the field of love, and it is here that he must exert the greatest caution. The important thing to remember is that the little girl usually has a few tricks of her own, and it is imperative that he take these into consideration when planning his line of attack.

Supposing, for example, that John Doe has leveled his sights on Jane Brown. She is sweet, virtuous, and decidedly desirable, but she possesses one unfortunate characteristic—she wants to get married. John also possesses one characteristic—he doesn't want to get married. An impasse would seem likely, but not for the student of one-upmanship. His course is clear. The first thing John does is invest a little money. He buys a beautiful diamond engagement ring (which, of course, can later be returned), being certain that the only finger it could possibly fit is an elephant's. Then he softens Jane for the kill with a gentlemanly but romantic evening on the town, dropping tender hints of his honorable intentions. When he finally takes her home and they are standing on her doorstep, he pulls out his ace-in-the-hole—the ring. Jane is overcome with emotion. Her finger trembles delicately as John slips the ring on. Whoops! It slips right off again.

"Oh, gosh," moans John. "It's the

wrong size! Forgive me, darling, I'll take it back the first thing in the morning. I told that jeweler it looked too big! Can you ever forgive me for ruining our perfect moment?"

"Oh, John," murmurs Jane meltingly. "Please don't feel bad! Look, why don't you come inside where we can talk?"

And inside they go. Now comes the time when John must put his one-upmanship to the test. With an emphatic heave of his manly shoulders, he throws himself on the nearest chair and bursts out with the following confession:

"Jane, my dearest, I have something I must tell you!" He shudders, obviously finding it difficult to control himself.

"Why, John, dear, what's wrong?" Jane is now slightly alarmed.

"I... I had no right to give you that ring! I... I must have been crazy!" he bursts out.

"But, why?" says Jane, sitting down on the edge of the couch. "What's the matter, John? You can tell me," she prompts, while John shakes his head hopelessly. "You... you aren't married, are you, John?"

"Oh, Jane," he groans, "how can you even think such a thing? No, no, it's nothing like that! I guess I'll have to tell you. It wouldn't be fair not to!"

Then with the utmost pain, John "confesses." His old army wound, it seems, has suddenly cropped up again, and the doctor is positive that it will be fatal. As a matter of fact, the doctor gives him less than six months to live! (Cont. next page)



GUIDE TO ONE-UPMANSHIP

So how can he possibly ask any woman to marry him?

Once this awful fact is bared, Jane is a cooked goose. Nothing arouses a woman so much as tenderness mixed with tragedy. The conqueror has proved irresistible!

Do you get the picture? It isn't only a question of hard-heartedness, but hard-headedness! No one gets the better of the man who is one-up, but he must be a bit of an actor to succeed. Of course, every man can have his small triumphs that are easily managed with simple props. A twenty-dollar bill, for instance, that is always kept in your wallet for door-to-door charity-seekers. They can rarely make change, if all you want to give is a quarter.

Or a quick retreat to the men's room in the gin mill when the bill is being divided for a party of ten. A casual "I'll settle later" makes you look good, even if you have no intentions of doing so.

There are many little ways of getting your licks in, but it's the big ones that count. One of the most formidable foes is, of course, the boss. Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said: "That guy I gotta get!" The boss has a frightening edge at the onslaught—he's on top without even trying. It takes great patience and

imagination to be one-up on your superiors. But it can be done!

The first step is to discreetly hint to your fellow-workers that the boss is thinking of giving you a raise. Then start carrying a briefcase to work—the most expensive-looking briefcase you can find. It doesn't matter what kind of work you do. A briefcase looks important even if you're a file clerk. Under the other arm you might carry a copy of the *Wall Street Journal*, opened to the stock market report. Give this picture a week or two to sink in, meanwhile taking a few minutes out of every working day to peer over the shoulder of one of your fellow employees at work, shaking your head sadly. This should be done when the boss is looking, but thinks you don't know it. The third step is to arrange for a friend to call you regularly at the office, giving the switchboard operator the name of a rival company. Each time he calls, plead with him not to call you at the office and hang up. Sooner or later, the boss will call you in for a little chat.

Now's your chance! As soon as you walk in, sit down and pull a cigar out of your pocket to offer him. Pull a lighter out of the other pocket and flick it on, extending your arm across the desk just far enough so that he has to reach a little for it.

While he's puffing to light it, start talking.

"I know I should have come to you before you sent for me, Mr. Jones, but I just didn't feel it was my place to interfere."

"Interfere? Interfere? What do you mean, young man?"

"Well, sir, you know . . . Is someone at the door?"

"No, no, of course not! Get on with it, young man!"

"Well, I . . . I'm sure someone's there!"

Get up and tip-toe to the door. Open it a crack and close it before Mr. Jones can tell if anyone is there or not. Then tip-toe back and lean across the desk confidentially.

"Sir, we really musn't risk talking here. Would you do me the honor of being my guest at lunch?"

He will. There isn't a person alive who can resist the pangs of curiosity. Now, the lunch must be planned in advance. It should be at a sedately expensive restaurant, and it would help if you can arrange with the headwaiter for a bottle of champagne to be presented to you and your guest "compliments of the house"—which, of course, you have paid for in advance. Naturally, neither you nor the boss orders from the menu, since the waiter will also know the best dish in the house, and serve it to you with a flourish.

Needless to say, the luncheon will be a strictly cat and mouse affair. You can hint outrageously about your independent "inheritance" income, which you have shrewdly invested to your great satisfaction, generalize about how hard it is for a boss to really know what is going on under his nose, and vaguely compare the management of his office with those of his competitors, of which you have slight knowledge. Don't commit yourself, just keep him guessing. If you really have a flair for one-upmanship, you might even manage to trip the waiter carrying the dessert so that it falls neatly into the boss' lap, and then create enough of a fuss so that the waiter will be all but offering you a half-interest in the establishment, just to pacify you. By the time you and your boss are back in the office, he'll be so confused he won't even notice the (Continued on p. 61)





"I'll not only be good, mother—I'll be sensational!"





the COLONEL'S LADY

FICTION

BY TED MARK

The Major's military career had been planned step by step, but who could foresee the wiles of woman?

March 1, 1961

GENERAL Andrew J. Markham
United States Army
Pentagon Building
Washington, D.C.
Dear Dad,

I am writing you for advice—but I don't really know what advice you can give me. I say this being fully aware—and grateful—that you have never failed me in the past. Whenever I've had problems you've helped me and I haven't forgotten.

I remember, for instance, how when I was a little shaver of ten or eleven years old, you set me straight in my first scrape. I was in my second year at Arnold Military Academy at the time. I'd pinched a carton of cigarettes from the CO's quarters and thought I was pretty shrewd to get away with it. Then another boy was accused of the theft and I had

qualms of conscience. It happened that you came up that weekend and I blurted the whole thing out to you. I still remember what you said:

"Roger, my boy," you told me, "make a clean breast of it. For two reasons: first, it's your duty to do so, and recognizing the obligation of duty is a prime requisite in the forging of a military career; second, harshly as your CO may greet your confession, he will respect you the more for it. Believe me, coming to his attention in this way will not hurt you in the long run. Years from now he will remember you as the lad who was mischievous, but who had integrity in the best military tradition. Such an identification can only help your career."

You were right, of course, for upon my graduation I went to West Point with a letter of recommenda-

tion from the CO that couldn't have been more glowing. And you were right again when, in my next-to-last year at the Academy I wrote you about Theresa. Remember, you flew up specially to set me back on the right track.

"Son," you said, "if this girl really loves you, she'll wait until after graduation to marry you."

"She would wait, Dad," I answered, "if she was sure that a military career was what I wanted. But she's not. And, frankly, neither am I."

I'd expected you to be angry, to roar at me in your best drill-field manner. But you didn't. You spoke very quietly and there was a tone of deep hurt in your voice. "Roger," you said, "you can't mean that. Roger, you have four generations of family (Continued on next page)

THE COLONEL'S LADY

tradition in back of you. Your great-grandfather stood at General Taylor's side during the Mexican War. Your grandfather's name is still hissed in Mississippi like Sherman's is in Georgia. I—and it pains me to have to remind you—was personally decorated by General Pershing at Chatteau Thierry. What else could you possibly be but a soldier?"

"I thought I'd like to try my hand at being a salesman. Theresa's father manufactures toasters and waffle irons and things like that and he's offered me a job."

I'll never forget the look on your face. "You're going to sell toasters and waf-fle i-rons? You, Roger? My son? Don't be ridiculous! The Army is your heritage. You can either be a professional soldier, or you can be a bum. For someone brought up like you there's no inbetween. Now if this girl loves you, she'll wait until after graduation to marry you. If she doesn't, you may as well find it out now. Or are you afraid to find out?"

That last was the clincher, of course. All my life I've never been able to stand the idea that I might look cowardly in your eyes. I'm glad of that, because it's meant that I've never been able to behave in a cowardly fashion at all.

So I put it to Theresa. As you know, she didn't wait. We had a scene in which she accused me of letting you live my life for me. About a year later she married a Princeton man who later built a law office on her father's account. I was bitter for a while—towards her and you—but it passed. Today I realize how right you were. Theresa would never have been happy as an Army wife. Some day I hope I'll meet a woman who will be.

You had made me see the practicalities of the situation. That's something else you've always drummed into me. It's all very well to be honorable and efficient, but to build a career in the Regular Army, one must also be attuned to the practicalities. Often this means playing the old Army game of politics. You gave me my first lesson in this during the war.

I was stationed in Devonshire as

an aid to Old Flypaper—Brigadier General Frank L. Planker, as he was known in official circles—when you came through on an inspection trip. We had a brief time alone and I couldn't wait to start badgering you.

"Dad," I began, "what the hell gives with the big brass. No disrespect, sir, but I specifically mean you."

"What do you mean, son?"

"I've sent three memos to your office about the conduct of my commanding officer and his damned petty thievery."

"Oh, have you?" The twinkle in your eye infuriated me.

"You know bloody well I have. Planker's set up his own pension plan with his black market operations. The men are eating SOS while their fatherly commander's peddling their rations to half the grocers in England—and using Army trucks and petrol to deliver the orders. It's an open scandal!"

"If it's an open scandal, why did you label your memo 'secret'?"

"Just following standard procedure in preferring charges against a superior. After all," I added sarcastically, "I'm not just an officer. I'm an officer and a gentleman—by act of Congress."

"And you want to know why I haven't acted on your charges?"

"That's right."

"Okay, I'll tell you. Frank Planker's a general the same as I am. With my son preferring the charges against him, it doesn't behoove me to act as his judge. It might smell like the father backing up his malcontent son."

"That isn't true and you know it."

"I didn't say it was. I'm only saying it could look that way."

"Then, damn it, I'll go over your head!"

"You can do that, of course. And I won't be angry, either. But I'd advise against it."

"Why?"

"They'll catch up with Planker sooner or later—probably sooner. But they'll do it reluctantly and only when the evidence is overwhelming. You see, Roger, he's a Regular Army officer. He's spent his whole life in the service of his country—"

"Bilking his country, you mean!"

"Perhaps. But he's important as a symbol. When the scandal breaks over him, you can be sure that some of it will rub off on all the rest of us. People never have had too high an opinion of the Regular Army and some of their reaction's bound to be that Planker's typical. They all do it. He just happened to get caught. That's what they'll say."

"So you just let him get away with it? Is that the idea?"

"No. He'll be caught—and probably drummed out of the service. It's just that frankly a junior officer like you who blows the whistle on him can only hurt his own career by doing so."

"I don't follow you."

"You'll always be the man who nailed Planker. Whenever you get a new assignment, your commander will categorize you that way before he even meets you. Many officers will be reluctant to have you around. The fact that you may be justified won't help. They'll still label you a trouble-maker. The Army is made up of human beings—and they play politics the same as human beings do in every other walk of life, whether it's an office, or a factory, or what-have-you. Knowing how to play the game is almost as important in the Army as being a conscientious officer. Unfortunately, sometimes more so."

So, Dad, I followed your advice and kept my nose clean, doing my best to ignore Planker's thievery. And you were right, as always. They did catch up with him. Teddy Rollins, an old school chum of mine blew the whistle on him. And today Teddy's still a first looie—has a desk job in Alaska, I think. He's been passed over for promotion twice that I know of—and for no other reason except that he's the man who blew the whistle on "poor old Frank Planker." And I'm a Major, thanks to your guidance.

That brings me to the reason for this letter. I've dredged up all these incidents out of the past because I want you to know I haven't forgotten the things you've taught me. They've been my guides in forging my career. (Continued on p. 62)



The little boy refused to eat. In desperation, his mother took him to a psychiatrist, who tried every method he knew without success. Finally he decided to try a new tack. "All right," he said patiently, "What do you want to eat?"

"Worms," the boy replied.

Not to be outdone, the doctor sent out for a plateful of worms. When he set them before the boy, however, the boy wouldn't eat them.

"What's the matter?" the doctor asked.

"I want them fried," the boy wailed.

Having gone this far already, the doctor had the worms fried.

"I only want one," whined the boy.

The doctor got rid of all but one. "Okay," he said, "go ahead and eat it."

"You eat half."

With a mighty effort, the psychiatrist managed to gag down half of the worm. "Now," he choked, "will you eat it?"

"No!" screamed the boy, shaking his head. "You ate my half!"

And speaking of well-adjusted youngsters, one of them was appearing in court for killing his grandmother. The judge eyed him sternly and said, "Do you mean to tell me that you shot your grandmother for twenty-five cents?"

"Well, you know how it is, Judge," answered the lad. "Two bits here, two bits there . . . it all adds up."

THE JOKER'S GEMS

Two fathers-to-be were nervously pacing the waiting room. "Wouldn't it be just my luck," grumbled one of them, "that this has to happen on my vacation."

"You think you got troubles?" said the other. "This is my honeymoon!"

Two nudist women were discussing what they were going to wear to the costume party that night. "Well," said one, "with my varicose veins, I think I'll go as a road map."

A young Frenchman named Mr. Du Both took a pretty young maiden for a drive in his auto. As they approached a toll bridge, Mr. Du Both smiled at the girl and said, "This is where you have to pay the toll, honey, and the toll is either a kiss or a squeeze."

"Oh, Mr. Du Both!" the girl exclaimed.

During the Second World War, a unit of the Eight Air Force was assigned to drop propaganda leaflets over Berlin. All of the planes came back except one. After four days had passed and the plane still hadn't returned, it was written off as a

casualty. Then, on the fifth day, the plane skidded to a halt on the runway and the pilot hopped out. The commanding officer jumped into his jeep and rushed out to meet him to get some sort of explanation.

"We're sure glad to see you, boy," enthused the captain, "but what happened? All the other men dropped their leaflets and flew right back and . . ."

"Dropped them?" exclaimed the surprised flyer. "I've been sticking them under the doors!"

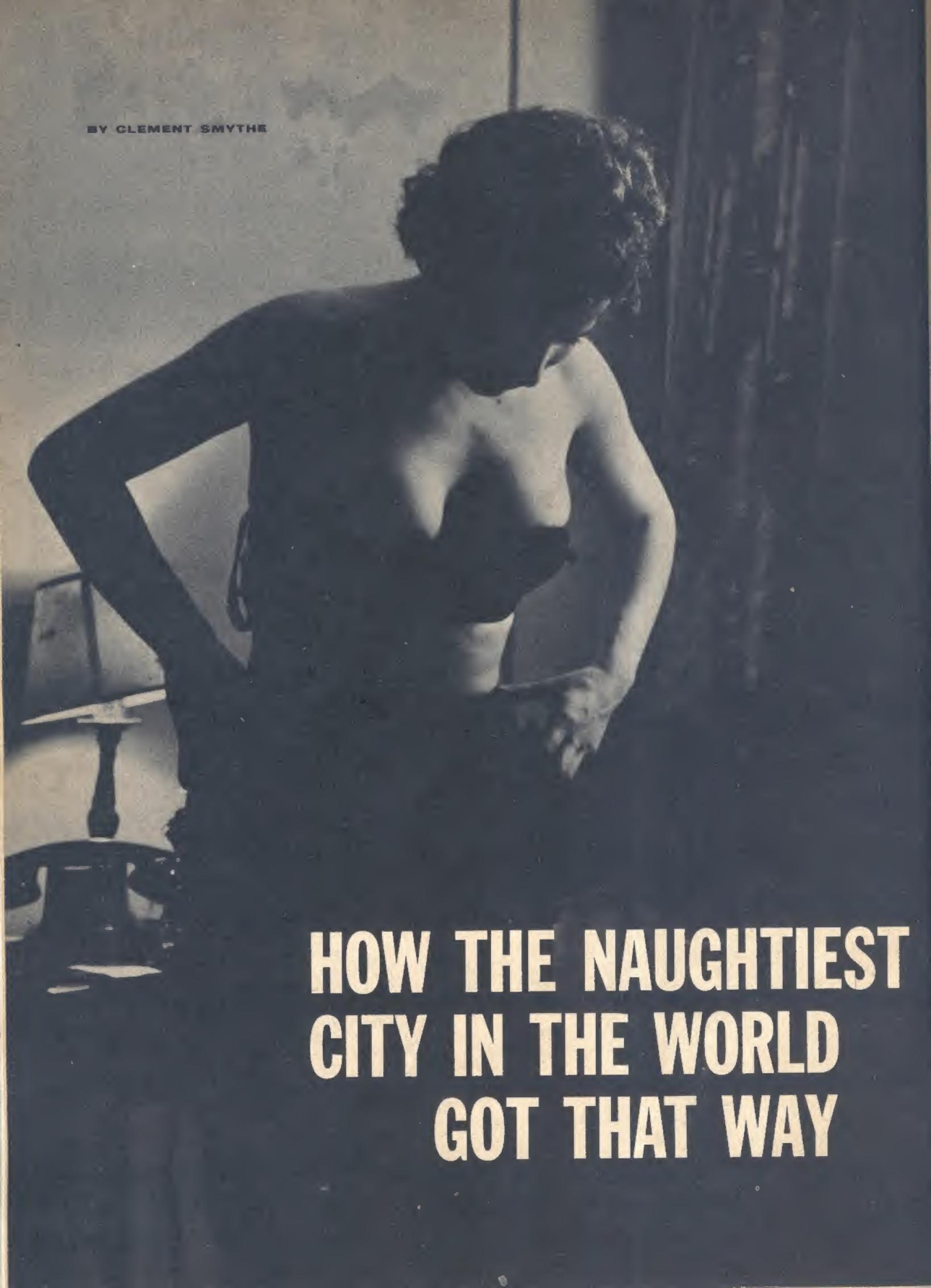
A big producer, hoping to score with one of the new chorus girls in his show, offered her a trip around the world. "No thanks," she said sweetly, "I think I'd rather go somewhere else."

Have you heard about the burlesque queen who is so tired after work that all she does is go home, get dressed, and go to bed?

There's a man who's so neurotic that whenever he watches a football game and the players go into a huddle, he thinks they're talking about him.



BY CLEMENT SMYTHE



HOW THE NAUGHTIEST CITY IN THE WORLD GOT THAT WAY



The nude photography racket has resulted in amateur lensmen flooding the market with pornographic pix.



Amateurs think up their own gimmicks for strip club contests where schoolgirls and housewives compete.

The story of the anti-vice law that backfired and turned London from lukewarm to sizzling!

"**S**IN CITY" is a label that's been pinned on one city or another for as long—or longer—as newspapers and magazines have known that space devoted to the seamy side of life sells copies. Paris, Cairo, Hong Kong, Tiajuana—these, and many more have worn the tag and mostly with good reason. But today these vice centers have to take a back seat to a metropolis that once was considered the last bastion of staid Victorianism, with all the stodginess and lack of sin the term implies. Today the admittedly naughtiest of the naughty cities is London. No Sodom of the '60s—and few of any period—can touch the British capital for sheer unbridled vice of every kind imaginable.

How did London get that way? What happened to change it from a town with somewhat less than the usual amount of lewd activity to a virtual haven for sin? Why did London become the naughtiest city in the modern world?

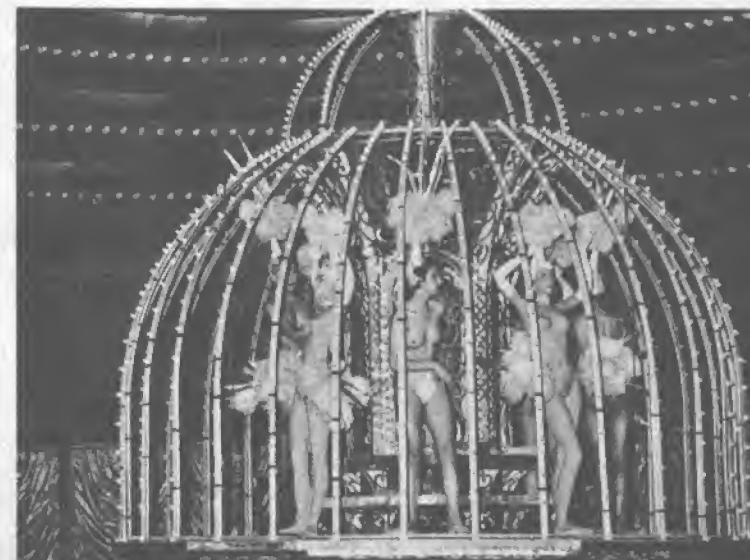
For the answers, it's necessary to go back to 1959 when the British Government passed a law known as the "Street Offences Act." At that time, London had a slightly lower than average rate of morals offences. But it wasn't low enough to satisfy either the city's officials, or those of the national government. The "Street Offences Act" was intended to wipe out vice entirely. Unfortunately, its actual effect proved to be just the opposite. Indeed, a year after its enactment, Sir Joseph Simpson, Metropolitan Police Commissioner of the City of London, admitted that the vice situation in the metropolis since the act had been passed was worse than at any time in the city's history. Today, almost two years after the passing of

(Continued on next page)



Rock-'n'-roll "spasm" parties started with beatniks, then became popular with sex-conscious adolescents.

Elaborate nudity and risqué specialty numbers have become commonplace in the fanciest clubs of London.





Once confined to specific areas by tacit agreement with police, prostitution has spread since clean-up campaign.

the act, a quick look at the London vice situation reveals the following:

Widespread Prostitution. Formerly streetwalking activities were confined to specific districts like Piccadilly and Soho where the bobbies could maintain a tolerant control over them. Now, since the bobbies have instructions to enforce the '59 law strictly, the prostitutes have spread out over the city—but they do their soliciting more openly than ever when the bobbies aren't around.

Language Schools. The institution of the brothel, which never really gained a foothold in London in the past, has blossomed under the new law. Many bordellos have taken to operating under the guise of "language schools" and the phrase "going to take a French lesson" has become a standing gag in the city's pubs.

The "Ladies Directory." Over the past few months a fair-sized booklet titled "Ladies Directory" has been widely circulated throughout the city. It contains an alphabetical listing of prostitutes by name and includes their addresses and phone numbers, as well as some vivid descriptions of both the girls themselves and the specialized kind of service each has to offer.

Nude Photography Clubs. Advertisements soliciting members for these clubs appear in the London papers regularly. For a fee (usually the equivalent of five dollars in American money), the amateur photographer is allowed to participate in a session where one, or possibly two, nude models pose for lewd and obscene pictures. Many of these photos are then peddled as pornography with the help of under-the-counter book and novelty shops.

Amateur Striptease Clubs. These are private men's clubs which stage striptease competitions for amateurs. The winners in these competitions, often working girls, young housewives, or even schoolgirls, are judged by

the membership and awarded cash prizes. At least two of these clubs, Peeporama and Spotlight, have turned out to be extremely successful and profitable establishments, rivaling professional strip joints in popularity.

Professional Strip Joints. In London the tourist will find nitery shows so torrid that Paris' *Folies Bergere* is tame by comparison. Ultra nudity and suggestive dance routines combine to make the nitery shows of London the most torrid in the world. And the number of such strip joints is mushrooming, having almost doubled since the "Street Offences Act" was passed.

"Spasm" Parties. "Spasm" is the London teenagers' version of rock-'n'-roll. Much wilder than its American dance cousin, "Spasm" is the result of the kids concentrating on the sexual aspects of the dance. "Spasm" parties are common and quite often they result in the most unbridled adolescent orgies.

Sex, as has been shown, is the mainstay of vice in London, but all the other forms of sin and corruption are also present and flourishing. The use of narcotics, the consumption of alcohol, illegal gambling and crimes of every variety have all increased since the clean-up campaign launched under the "Street Offences Act" has been underway. The answer to how the naughtiest city in the world got that way is simple: It couldn't let well-enough alone! •





The London anti-vice campaign is indiscriminate. It forbids the sale of innocuous cheesecake pictures like these of (l. to r.) Bobbi Naylor, Gina Prince and Jayne Aiken, just as strictly as it forbids the sale of actual pornography.



These photos of the chorines in the show at London's Panama Club are typical of the kind of entertainment which is becoming increasingly popular in the more intimate niteries which have been springing up all over the metropolis.



The HiP Vagabond

BY CLAUDE H. JANNECK

Long before the beats

hit the road, tramp poet

Harry Kemp was sampling

the wine and women of

America's little Bohemias

and immortalizing them

In ribald verse and story

THE HIPSTERS like to break with the past, say to hell with the "square" values of the generation before them and go off on their own.

For kicks, they bum around the country, taking to the road between San Francisco and Greenwich Village. They hop in and out of bed, staying with a chick only as long as they make it together. In the Village, the Beach or any one of a number of lesser Bohemias, they have their own espresso joints and gathering places where they can read their latest poetic masterpieces.

It's a brand new hip world. The beats are the poets, the artists, the don't-give-a-damn wandering minstrels of the future.

But how brand new are they?

Actually, it's all been done before: The wandering, the love-making, the poetry declamation in out of the way cafes.

One of the first modern trailblazers of the hipster route, was a poet, playwright and roving lover known to the world as "Unkempt" Harry Kemp.

Kemp arrived on the Bohemian scene shortly after the turn of the century. A determined individualist, he was almost immediately showered with the sort of newspaper publicity that Jack Kerouac and other beats received nearly a half-century later.

They called him the "Tramp Poet," the "Villon of America," and the titles seemed to suit him. He was a muscular, rugged looking guy with an exuberant face and bright red hair. In his younger days he tramped around America, riding the rods and writing poetry. He was a born outdoorsman who refused to wear a hat or tie. His portraits on the frontpieces of his books look like prototypes of the shirt-sleeved authors you can see on the backs of paper-bound books, today. (Continued on p. 72)



SASSY STORIES



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THE SHADES ARE UP

(Continued from page 9)

uncomfortably. "For example, I do know where your bedroom is, that's true."

"And you've told me where yours is, so we're even."

"Yes," North replied, aimlessly. "Well, I'm glad I haven't embarrassed you, but I did want to let you know. It might work out better."

"I'm not embarrassed," she answered, and North heard the smile in her voice again. "Interested, of course. I hope you haven't been—bothered—too often."

"No bother. I'm just afraid it might get habit-forming," he chuckled, gamely, "and my wife might not approve. Your husband either, for that matter."

"I'll have to ask him when he comes home. He's been away a week now."

"Away?" North echoed, his palm moistening on the hard edge of the phone. "Isn't that odd? My wife is away, too. What do you know about that?"

"About your wife being away?"

"Figure of speech," North said, quickly.

"Sure."

"Well, nice talking to you—neighbor," North added, impulsively, chuckling again, though his throat was dry.

"Thank you," she said, and hung up.

That night, mostly through the force of the three-night's habit, North glanced across the yard from his darkened room. The shade was up, he noticed idly.

Suddenly, there was Maria Williams.

Undressing . . .

North emptied a quart of milk into a pan on the stove and stood in the shower for thirty minutes while it heated to a bubble. Then, he muttered his way into the bedroom, a towel wrapped around his middle, the glass of milk hot in his hand.

Work was a shambles the next day and North hurried home to the telephone when it was over.

Maria sounded pleased to hear from him, but North was too militant in his righteousness to notice.

"I don't like to make an issue of this, Mrs. Williams," he said earnestly, "but I'm afraid your memory is very bad."

"Oh?"

"That bedroom shade," he said, firmly.

"Oh, I'm sorry about that," she replied, forlornly.

"Yes," North said, still firm.

"But, it's broken. I was tugging at it after I spoke to you last night and I broke it. The roller, I think. Anyway, it won't roll. I tore it across the top. It won't work at all. I'm

sorry. I just can't seem to fix it."

"Maybe you could—" North began, then stopped, trying to think of a graceful way to suggest to a relative stranger that she take her clothes off in the bathroom. He could find none. "Maybe I could—well, perhaps I could repair it for you. I'm pretty good with my hands."

"You are?" she asked, interested.

"I'll drop over later," North said.

He arrived at the front door, holding a screw-driver for the window shade and feeling uncomfortable. She smiled and held the door open.

She noticed him noticing. "I feel relaxed without shoes," she said.

North nodded and shifted his eyes to the sway of her tightly-encased hips as she strode the way into the living room. He put from his mind the suddenly present recollection of a similar, less detailed view from the rear that he had come upon while glancing—steadily—out his window the night before.

She dropped, jouncingly, into a wide brown sofa. "I'm really sorry to bother you," Maria said, "but I'm very clumsy repairing things. I tried to fix that shade and almost broke the window. Would you like a drink? Before we start, I mean?"

"We? Start?"

"I'm going to help you, of course. After all," she smiled, pleasantly, "I should be as interested as you are in getting that shade fixed, shouldn't I?"

"That's right," North agreed. "You never know who might be looking in."

"True. You, for instance," she smiled.

"I hope you understand that was an accident," North said, defensively. "You can understand. After all, our bedrooms are right across—"

"Oh, I understand completely," she said. "And I know just what you mean about accidents. Certainly. Take the night before last, or two nights ago, I don't remember which. Anyway, the night after my husband left. I happened to glance over at your house, by accident, and there you were—"

"Where?"

"—in your—"

"What?"

"—bath towel. Green, wasn't it?"

North nodded, numbly.

"But," she smiled, engagingly. "You didn't sleep in that, of course."

North swallowed and sat down unsteadily. The living room, he noticed, absently, was quite warm.

"In fact," Maria said, quietly, "you didn't sleep in much of anything, as I recall. I guess you seldom do."

North watched her right leg, crossed over the left, begin to swing slowly back and forth, the nail polish on the bare toes catching the

subdued, pale lights of the room.

"Just an accident, of course," she was saying, the leg like a lovely, purple metronome. "I had been getting undressed, ready for bed, and I put out the light and was just about to pull the sheets back, when I glanced up and there you were. Very startling. I mean, you were standing directly in the middle of the window, in your—towel. You'd forgotten to pull down the shade."

North found his voice. "You mean you were sitting in bed and looking across—"

"The first night, as I say, it was just an accident. I mean, the shade just happened to be up and you just happened to be coming out of the shower into the bedroom, and I just happened to be glancing over there, and—" The quiet, soft voice trailed off.

"You said the first night," North pointed out. "Does that mean that—"

Maria smiled, warmly, ingenuously. "As you'll see when we get to the bedroom—to fix the shade?—my bed is right in line with your window. Once I got undressed and into bed and your light came on—well, unless you pulled the shade, I actually couldn't help but—and you never did pull the shade. It's been three—or is it four?—nights now."

Her voice sounded almost scolding. North could sense that he had been very negligent about pulling the shade.

North watched Maria smile gently and swing her leg slowly, then got up and headed for the room with the broken shade.

She stood very close to him as he reached for the shade's cord. The bedroom was warm and fragrant and North felt the screw driver slide in his moist hand. He felt the wisp of her breath on his neck as he reached up for the cord and brushed against her with his elbow.

He tugged at the cord.

The shade rolled down, clicking smoothly on its roller, moving easily in his hand.

North turned to Maria. "It's not broken," he said, carefully.

"It's not?" she replied, her voice full of wonder and surprise. "You mean, it's been working all this time, all this week? All I had to do was pull it down?"

North reached the three inches that separated them and felt the cool smoothness of the orchid jersey.

After a long, quiet time, North heard Maria breathe softly toward his ear. He distinguished the words from the warmth.

"Would you mind pulling down the shade? You never know who might be looking in."

THE ART OF BEING INSULTING

(Continued from page 16)

"he was so dumb he crawled under the swinging doors of saloons for three years before he found out they swung both ways" were Mizner creations.

Chewing on a tough steak in a Broadway eatery, Mizner cracked: "I've had better steaks for good behavior." He once said to a particularly obnoxious radio personality, "If you don't get off the air, I'm going to stop breathing it."

Most of the present day insult specialists, unlike their predecessors, however, rely more on previously prepared gags than on lightning-fast reflexes for their material. A night-club comedian like Milton Berle, Alan King or Jack E. Leonard will have a prodigious store of jokes locked away in his memory.

There are any number of opportunities for each joke in the thousand and one categories. Should anyone say: "This party's pretty dull; I think I'll go home," the comic is ready with a fast: "Well, that will help a lot."

Joe E. Lewis is a master of the in-

sult who directs it at himself. "I have no trouble sleeping," he'll say, "I fall asleep as soon as I hit the bed. But often it takes me half an hour to hit the bed." Or: "The doctor told me I should limit my drinking. I do, but I always get drunk before I reach it."

The unconscious type of insult, of course, is one that no amount of study can inculcate. Often it is a non-humorous person who delivers a brilliant nasty crack.

José Iturbi, probably the world's foremost living pianist, was once scheduled to appear at a benefit at a New York auditorium. As he approached the stage door, he was warded off by an over-officious guardian, who insisted he didn't know Iturbi and therefore, would not permit him to enter.

"But I am José Iturbi, the pianist!"

"I don't care," snapped the doorman, "if you're Liberace. You're not getting in that door!"



GUIDE TO ONE-UPMANSHIP

(Continued from page 48)

fact that you've tacked the lunch on to your expense account.

Once this major area of attack is behind you, you should be able to tackle other situations.

The most difficult adversary and the one that must be dealt with most often is the repairman. One of the leaders in the league of one-upmanship reports that he kept his edge in the following way: His television set needed repairs, so he took the big step—he called in a repairman. Before the man arrived, he carefully hung on the wall over his television set an official-looking diploma (home-made) from a school of electronics. Then he took off the back of his set and rearranged a few tubes, switching them at random. This done, he relaxed with a science magazine until the doorbell rang.

The repairman entered with a grunt and a nod, carrying his lethal-looking black steel box. "Smatter?"

The one-upper, who had returned to his magazine, gazed serenely over the top of it. "My good man, once I designed that set for RCA, I put it out of my mind completely. What's wrong with it is your problem!"

By this time, he was sufficiently intimidated to keep mum about the confusion. Maybe he was dealing with a genius—who can tell? He silently rearranged the tubes and replaced the bad one. His timidly offered bill came to \$3.00.

Baseball is America's number one

sport and every one-upper, whether he can "play ball" or not wants the satisfaction of being one-up on the diamond. Here are a list of rules which you might find useful:

1.) When up at bat—Be fussy about getting just the right bat. Try them all several times. Switch position frequently while bending over the plate. Just as the ball has left the pitcher's hand, drop the bat and wipe your hands carefully on your pants. Pick it up with an apology and shout: "Play ball!"

2.) When running the bases—Always run with a limp. It puts you at a seeming disadvantage.

3.) When playing outfield—Always wear glasses. Whatever mistakes you make will be automatically attributed to poor vision.

4.) General rule—Step on the feet of your opponents whenever you can, and shake hands with them between innings. It will make you look like a clumsy good sport.

If the thought of all of this intrigue leaves you with guilt feelings, there is only one thought that you must bear in mind—No matter who you are dealing with, there are only two possibilities. You can either be one-up or one-down! Now go and face your cowering image in the mirror. Which will it be?



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CONFESIONS OF A PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 40)

a job demonstrating a hair-curling machine at the five-and-dime.

I called on Fifi at her place of business and asked her if she'd like a real big publicity break.

"Sorry," she said, "I'm making so much noise demonstrating this damned machine I can't hear ya."

It was rather embarrassing explaining what I had in mind while Fifi lectured to two dozen customers, but I finally managed to convey the idea that I wanted to take her out and make her famous. We made a date for the following Friday night.

Fifi and I hit this swanky joint around midnight. She was wearing a gold lame job with a neckline all the way down to her navel, exposing about eleven acres of pure cleavage. I saw every head turn and follow us as we swished in. We passed a tableful of playboys and I saw each of them give her the eye.

Everything would have gone along according to plan if Fifi hadn't had too many daiquiris. Soon she's boiled and starts making conversation with everyone in the joint. I tried to explain to her that you just don't do things like that in Cafe Society, but she wasn't having any.

For some strange reason, Fifi took a heavy dislike to one of the girls in the party of South American Playboys, a hefty redhead.

One word led to another and the first thing you know, Fifi leaves my side and darts across the floor as if she's shot out of a cannon. She crashes into the table and starts clawing and hammering away at the redhead.

Then the roof fell in. Everybody in the joint jumped me. I remember being escorted—with the help of a swift kick in the pants—out the front entrance. I saw a lot of flashes at the same time. Next day I found out what the flashes were. Cameras.

I told Fifi I'd get her name and picture on page one and I wasn't kidding. I never could understand why she didn't appreciate it.

I could go on for hours telling you all the different methods I used to establish myself as a recognized Playboy. None of them worked.

When I read that Rafael Trujillo Jr. liked to get girls out on his yacht, I tried it on Sally Schultz, only it was a sightseeing boat that goes around Manhattan and she didn't like it because she told me she had already seen Manhattan.

When I learned that Marlon Brando likes to go around wearing old clothes and banging a bongo drum in a nightclub, I tried that too, but the girl I went with, Elaine Murgatroyd, happened to be breaking in a new evening gown and she was sore because I looked like a slob.

Then, when I tried the jaded old-man routine, like Tommy Manville and John Barrymore Sr., the girl was not impressed. I found out later that she made a secret date with the band leader, a young fellow.

I think I'll give up this Playboy kick. It's making me old before my time.



THE COLONEL'S LADY

(Continued from page 52)

and my life. Yet now I find myself up against a situation in which I can't apply them—a situation which can only wreck my military career no matter which way I decide to handle it. Let me give you the facts:

On the night of April 15 of this year, Colonel Jonathan Crowder, the CO, was attending a conference in Salt Lake City. As his second in command, I was in charge of the post. At approximately 2230 I decided to take a tour of the post before turning in. At 2300 I was passing by Colonel Crowder's house.

Suddenly, just as I drew abreast of the house, there was an explosion and a gush of flame spewed forth from the windows of the house.

Aware that the Colonel's wife was alone in the house, I raced to the front door. It was locked. I ran around to a window and broke it, but before I could get in, a sheet of fire drove me back.

I ran around to the back of the house. That's when I saw the two figures stumbling out the back door, the man with his arm around the woman. His outer clothes had been burned from his body and her night-gown was in flames. I ran over and between us we rolled her on the ground until the fiery garment was extinguished. It was only then that I distinguished the features of the Colonel's wife. She was unconscious.

I turned to the man, noticing the dogtag around his neck. "Soldier, it looks like you've earned yourself a medal," I told him. "What's your name?"

"Private First Class Alvin Lewis, Sir," he said—and promptly fainted.

I wrote my report the next morning and gave it to Sergeant MacGowan, the HQ enlisted personnel chief to type up himself. Sergeant MacGowan's desk is across from mine and a few moments later I

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happened to look up and see him with his face in his hands, obviously trying to muffle laughter. "What's so funny, Sergeant?" I asked him.

"It's just the idea of Lewis being a hero," he told me.

"I don't see anything funny in that. He's a very brave man."

"Well, sir, Lewis has been stationed here six months. In that time he's gotten himself the reputation of being the yellowest guy on the post."

"You're wrong, Sergeant. He rescued Mrs. Crowder."

"Well, maybe you're right. Maybe he did. But all the same, I'd check."

"Let's have it all, Sergeant," I said. "About Lewis and Mrs. Crowder?"

"Sergeant MacGowan, are you insinuating something improper between Lewis and Mrs. Crowder?"

"It's not just gossip, sir. It's true. Lewis was bragging about it and two guys called his bluff. So Lewis brought back a pair of her panties."

"Sergeant, don't discuss this with anybody else. That's an order!" I headed for the hospital.

I saw Lewis first. "Lewis, tell me the truth, were you in that house before the fire broke out?"

He looked down at his bandaged hands. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Don't you know the Colonel's quarters are off-limits?"

"I was there by invitation, sir."

"Whose invitation?"

"Mrs. Crowder's, sir." There was a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

Why, the son-of-a-gun is bragging to me, I thought. Talk about gall! I'd had all I could take of him. I went in to see Mrs. Crowder.

I decided to plunge right in. "Mrs. Crowder," I said, "I've just come from seeing Private Lewis and he says that he's your lover."

She was calm. "He is."

"Well, it's pretty awkward. What with him saving your life—"

"Him saving my life! That's a laugh! Do you know I practically carried that big bozo down the stairs."

"Well, I'll have to kill the citation."

"I presume you don't want to wreck your life. Major, if that citation doesn't go through, I'll tell my husband it was you I had an affair with."

I've been thinking it over ever since. Now if I put the medal through, every man in my command will know I did it because I was intimidated. At least two orderlies at the hospital heard Mrs. Crowder.

On the other hand, if I don't recommend the medal and she tells the Colonel that I was her lover, you can imagine what that will do to my career. There's no way out.

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THE GLASSY EYE

(Continued from page 21)

"Go ahead. I'm set to listen." You mentioned your office. For whom do you labor?"

"The Great Plantagenet Insurance Company."

"And you're a young executive there, I assume? A man on the way up? A future president of that worthy organization?"

"I'm afraid not, professor. I came there on an executive training program. But I'm just a clerk now. And I guess, I'll stay a clerk. That's why I'm not in a position to buy anything, even if I needed it. My salary will not allow it."

"A clerk!" Boone exclaimed, ignoring Henderson's reference to money. "A Clerk there was of Oxenford... Lean was his horse as is a rake, And he was not right fat, I undertake!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"That's Chaucer, my boy. Geoffrey Chaucer, the great English poet of humanity. Or aren't you familiar with his work?"

"No. I don't believe I am... I mean I've read him in school, but..."

"But you don't remember it? Don't apologize, sir. I understand. Your memory also will improve. Yes, you'll be quoting all the great writers, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth—using them to bolster your discussions with friends, business associates and last, but by no means least, with members of the fair sex."

"How...?"

"How, my friend? You ask me how. With hypnosis. Hypnosis. Hypnosis, the discovery of the ages. Developed by Mesmer in the 1770's, used by Freud in his first attempts at psycho-analysis, and now offered to you, Elroy B. Henderson, as a tool by which you can change your life.

"Let me be specific, sir. Hypnosis, or the art of controlled suggestion, will improve your memory and mental capacity; will help you convince your superiors that you deserve that raise and promotion and not the wise young whippersnapper at the next desk; and will allow you to change the determined 'no' of a beautiful but scornful young lady into a willing 'yes'."

"You mean you want to teach me how to hypnotize people?" Henderson asked.

"Not in the way you are thinking. Not as a parlor game. Not to perform at parties. Any charlatan can do that."

"I offer you knowledge. A way to release the power already within your mind, so that you may control the actions and will of men and women without their knowledge. They will think they are free agents. Only you will know the truth. And you, sir, will be too wise and cau-

tious to tell your secret to another living soul."

"But I didn't think you could hypnotize someone against his will."

"Against his will? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. It doesn't matter. If a person does not realize he is being hypnotized, then how could he use his will—or her will—to defend against it?"

"I see," Henderson said slowly. "You really mean that I could...?"

"Yes, you. Elroy B. Henderson. All the women you desire. The position in business and in society that should be rightfully yours."

"But why? Why are you doing this for me?"

"Mr. Henderson, that is an intelligent question. It shows a proper amount of caution on your part. Your question deserves an answer and I will answer it.

"I, sir, am the world's foremost authority on Hypnosis. At the moment I am engaged in scientific research of a highly secret nature. I cannot go into details, but if successful I assure you that the whole world—the whole world, Mr. Henderson—will be better and happier for it.

"Today, however, I find myself desperately in need of funds. I have even considered giving up my scientific work—but too much depends on that. How then, I asked myself, could I raise the necessary amount so that I could go on with my research. The answer came quickly. Find a few selected, bright young men, young bachelors who want to advance in the world, and train them in my methods. I would be aiding them to achieve success in business and romance and, at the same time, collect enough money to live my simple life."

"How much would it cost?"

"A mere \$500, Mr. Henderson. For that amount you would be a journeyman hypnotist. Not a master like myself, of course. But you would be able to achieve what you desire."

"That's an awful lot. I don't know if I could afford that much. No. I don't think so, Professor. Thank you, but..."

"I never haggle, Mr. Henderson. \$500 is a fair price. But I could teach you enough to make you an apprentice for \$250. Naturally, you'd learn just half as much. Certain complexities might possibly arise that you couldn't handle. But I would always be available in case you wished to take the advanced course."

"Even \$250 is more than I have."

"You do not have the money in cash, sir? Well, that can be remedied, can it not. There still are such institutions as finance companies."

"Well, I guess I could borrow the money . . ."

"Of course you could. You have a job. Simply tell them you need the money to improve your mind."

"Yes, but," Henderson looked nervously sharp. "How do I know it will work? Could you give me a demonstration?"

"I knew I didn't underestimate your intelligence," Boone beamed. "Here is your demonstration, sir!" The professor took a sheet of paper from his pocket. On it was a pencil drawing, well done in every detail, of the professor, himself.

"It's very nice, but I don't see what . . ."

"Who do you think drew that?"
"I don't know."

"Why you did, sir! A little while ago I put you under without your knowledge. I asked you to draw my portrait with your left hand. Behold the result!"

"But I have no talent for drawing."

"Not consciously. But I suggested that you did, and—as you see—I created talent in you."

"And I'll be able to do that?"

"I won't fool you. This takes years of study. But you will be able to use your power of suggestion to convince a woman that she is in love with you, a man to do your bidding in other ways. I guarantee it. You will be completely satisfied. When you have completed the course, we will journey to a likely cafe, sit ourselves down at a table and survey the scene. We will pick out a likely-looking female and you will put into practice that which I shall teach you. If you do not have a pleasurable night then your money will be cheerfully refunded."

"How long will the lessons take?"

"Five hours, my friend. Five hours of intensive study. We will begin tomorrow. You will give me half the money then and the other half after you have convinced yourself of the effectiveness of my methods."

The next day Henderson paid a visit to the Commercial and Industrial Finance Company—an outfit whose large newspaper ads had often caught his eye. As Boone had suggested, there was no difficulty in borrowing the \$250. That night, he began his lessons.

The professor was a thorough teacher. He taught Henderson how to make quiet passes that his victim would not notice. He gave him a small, shiny ring that could be used as a mirror to focus somebody's attention. He told him the tests to make to find out how susceptible a prospective subject was.

"Anyone can be hypnotized," the professor insisted. "But in the beginning you would do best by sticking with the more susceptible subjects, those men and women who

react quickest to suggestion. Then, as your own powers increase, you will find yourself using them on a wider and wider range of people."

Finally, the lessons were over. The great day had arrived. Henderson, his face tense with anticipation, accompanied the professor to a small bar.

"Remember," Boone cautioned him for the last time. "The main thing is to keep calm. Unless you remain completely calm you will not be in control. And once you lose control, you're done for."

"Yes," Henderson said, trying not to bite his lip. "Yes, of course."

They seated themselves at their table and ordered drinks.

"That blonde looks pretty good," Henderson said. "What do you think about her. Or how about that blonde over there?"

"It's up to you," the professor said. "Remember the test."

Henderson looked up at the ceiling. He coughed loudly. Both girls looked at him. The blonde looked away again, but the blonde followed his gaze upwards.

"Go to it, my boy," the professor exclaimed. "She's all yours!"

Henderson went over to the blonde's table. She was gorgeous, all right, with a cool sophisticated face and a chest measurement that was a minor miracle in itself.

Henderson felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. This girl would not even look at him. No good-looking woman ever did, and no matter what the professor said this one would not be the first.

"May . . . may I sit down," he said, nervously.

"It's a free country." The girl answered with a bored shrug, after sizing him up quickly.

"My name's Elroy. Elroy Henderson."

"So what? Want me to dance a jig?"

"I thought . . . I thought maybe we could get acquainted."

"Why don't you get lost, little man. You're bothering me."

Henderson was about to retreat in panic. Then he heard the professor's final words once more. *Keep calm. The main thing is to keep calm.*

With an immense effort he brought himself under control. Then he started making the subtle passes that the professor had taught him. The blonde's face began to relax. Her eyes began to soften.

"You love me," he said.

"Oh, yes," she answered softly. "I do love you, Elroy."

"What is your name?"

"Marjorie. But names don't matter, Elroy. We matter. You and I. Let us leave this crowded room and go where we can be alone. I want to be alone with you, Elroy."

"Yes." His voice almost cracked

with eagerness. "Of course. Come."

They went back to Henderson's small apartment. "I hope you don't mind it here," he said. "It's not too ritzy."

"It is a palace, Elroy, as long as you are here."

The girl began removing her clothes. She was a vision, Henderson thought. Her taut, clean lines, her sculptured breasts, the gentle curve of her stomach. These could not belong to him. It was too much to believe.

But they did.

"I love you, love you, love you, Elroy. I love you, love you, love you."

"I love you, too, Marjorie," he answered softly.

Afterwards, the girl insisted on going home alone. "I wouldn't want you to tire yourself, dear," she said. "You must work tomorrow. I'll see you in my dreams and be with you all the day."

"Good night, Marjorie."

Henderson sat silently. It couldn't have happened, but it did. It certainly did.

There was a ring at his door.

"Professor!" he said, happily.

"I saw the young lady leave, my boy. How did you make out?"

"I did. Make out, that is. I really made out. And with a girl like her, too."

"Wonderful news. Wonderful news. Well, sir, we still have a little business to take care of, don't we?"

"Oh, you mean the money. Yes. Here it is." Henderson handed over the \$125.

"And so, my friend, I bid you a final goodbye. You have learned much. Use the knowledge wisely."

"But wait a minute, professor. How will I get in touch with you if I need you again?"

"I have no phone, sir. I find that the ringing of a telephone bell disturbs my concentration when I'm at my research. But I will call you from time to time. Perhaps you'll be interested in taking the advanced course. There is still a lot you don't know."

"Maybe I will, Professor. But right now, I'm very satisfied. Very, very satisfied."

"Good, sir. That makes me glad. And I'll say goodnight to you."

The following morning, Henderson reported to work as usual. Today, though, he would put the professor's training into use. He seated himself at a desk, one of many in a large room known as the bull pen. He tried to decide who among his supervisors to test first for susceptibility.

Before he could make up his mind, though, his phone rang. "There's a woman here to see you," the operator said.

"A woman?"

"Yes. A real good looking one, too." Henderson went out to the reception room. His mouth opened. It was Marjorie.

"Please forgive me," she said. "I couldn't keep away. I love you too much."

"Not here . . . Please!" he whispered in a hoarse panic.

"Of course, here. I love you anywhere. Anytime. I just love you, want you, need you."

"Marjorie!"

She leaped at him. Kissing him. Musing his hair.

Henderson glanced around him anxiously. The receptionist was giggling. The office crew was pressed against the glass door leading into the reception room. Then his boss; not his immediate boss, Mr. Jenkins, or his intermediate boss, Mr. Wright, but his big boss, Mr. Harkness; screamed out his name at the top of his leather lungs.

"Just a moment, Mr. Harkness," Henderson squeaked, disengaging himself.

Desperately, he looked the blonde in the eye and made some new passes. "You don't love me," he said sternly.

"But I do. I do," Marjorie wailed. "How could you say I don't love you. After what we were to each other only last night. How could you . . . ?"

By now, there was nothing but panic in Henderson. Suddenly, though, he had an inspiration.

"If you love me you will go home," he said. "Wait for me there. This," he uttered a silent prayer that the statement might continue being true, "this is where I work."

"I embarrassed you," Marjorie said pathetically. "I knew I'd embarrass you and I did."

She left, sobbing.

Henderson went back to his desk. Harkness glared at him. Wright glared at him. Jenkins glared at him. He sat there, hardly able to look at his work.

About an hour later, his phone rang.

"Mr. Henderson," a familiar male voice said. "This is Professor Boone. Have you managed to get yourself a raise yet?"

"Professor," he said gratefully. "I'm glad you called."

The professor listened carefully to what Henderson said. "I assume," he said finally, "that you were not calm enough to use the method in your business."

"That's right, Professor."

"Well, it is probably for the best. This sort of thing has happened before. Too much natural power and not enough control. It's a common fault of apprentices."

"What can I do about it?"

"Well, I could give you the rest of the course."

"Would you? Would you do that?"

"Of course, my boy. You understand the fee?"

"\$250?"

"Yes, my boy. If you'll have the money with you I'll meet you after work."

"I'll have it, Professor."

"Oh. And one more thing, Mr. Henderson. I don't usually do this, but as I happen to have the evening free, I'll be happy to spend the entire five hours with you tonight so that you can take care of your personal business."

"Would you? Thank you, Professor. Thank you."

"Don't mention it, my boy. An emergency is an emergency."

By the end of the day, Henderson was almost surprised that he still had a job with the ultra-conservative Plantagenet Company. But the men at the office actually seemed to regard him more respectfully than they ever had.

When Mr. Harkness passed his desk on the way out, all he said in way of a reprimand was, "Don't let this happen again." Then he leaned over and whispered: "You sly dog! How'd you do it? Did you hypnotize the girl?"

He was lucky, Henderson knew. The first time, they might let it go. But one more stunt like that and it would be the end.

So it was back to the finance company for more money and back to the professor for more lessons. When they were done, Henderson felt like a man in complete control. He knew his power and could gauge it accurately.

A DIPLOMATIC AFFAIR

(Continued from page 33)

King Agar is no fool. He would know who was responsible. We would drive him right into the arms of the Americans. They would have someone here to replace ben Arra in no time. No killing! We must discredit him." He sat back smugly. "And I have the perfect plan—a plan involving the King's sister, Princess Riva."

"Princess Riva?" echoed his subordinates in puzzlement.

"Yes. Princess Riva's conduct has been a palace scandal for years. The King has threatened her with banishment should she engage in one more illicit affair. And he has sworn to marry her first to the man involved—be he noble or commoner."

Markevich studied the still perplexed faces of the others. He sighed. "That man," he announced, "will be Hakim ben Arra!"

"Ingenious!"

"Brilliant!"

"Masterful!"

"Quite," said Markevich, pleased. "Hakim ben Arra will be the dupe

He met the girl at midnight. He looked right at her adoring and adorable face. "You don't really love me," he said.

With a twinge of regret he saw her countenance grow less adoring though not a jot less adorable. "Of course I don't," she said. "I must have been mad. Get away from me, man," she said with growing impatience.

"I'm going," Henderson said. He was actually whistling again as he went back to his flat. There would be other days and other girls. He was an expert hypnotist now. Nothing could stop him.

When Henderson left the area of the cafe, Marjorie came out the door. She waved to a cab and took it to a midtown hotel where Professor Boone was waiting.

"All right, Vic," she said crisply to him. "Where's the dough?"

"Here you are, my dear. \$200. A clear forty percent."

"Thanks, sweetie. What's up tomorrow night?"

"I have a mark over in the west 80's. I think we're going to get a thousand out of him. By the way, call up that artist friend of yours. I'm almost out of pencil drawings."

"Sure, sweetie. Say, Vic, tell me something about this hypnotism dodge, anyway. I mean the way it really works."

"Are you crazy, Marj? What the hell would I be messing around with that bunk for? That's for suckers."



in a— a— What is the American phrase, Josef?"

"You mean a shotgun wedding, Comrade Markevich?"

"Ah yes, a 'shotgun wedding.' Now here is the plan . . ."

Macri's was unquestionably the worst dive in King Agar's capitol city of Zanda. During the second world war, the rank-and-file of an Irish regiment had made Macri's its off-duty playground. Quite naturally they had dubbed the toothless, evil old woman who ran the place "Mother Macri." The name had stuck after the Irish moved out.

Mother Macri operated her bistro as a front for every sort of nefarious trade indigenous to the Mid-East. Dope, white slaves, guns, ammunition, American cigarettes—all of these and more Mother Macri could procure for a fee. Also, she was completely apolitical—quite as willing to deal with revolutionaries as monarchists, with Arab nationalists as Zionists, with Yankee oil diplomats as Commie henchmen.

It was the last-named group whose high-paying skull-duggery she was seeing to this night. Comrade Josef watched as she approached a group of people in evening dress. They looked as out of place at Macri's as bright-plumaged, rare birds foraging for worms on a dung-heap in early winter.

Yet the members of the group were frequent visitors—and frequent purchasers of one or another of the pleasures Mother Macri provided. They were a fast-living clique from the palace court. Their unquestioned leader was the Princess Riva.

She was a smoldering-eyed blonde with a snake-like slenderness that was only accentuated by a bosom of blimpish proportions. At 25, she was a pleasure-sated aristocrat who took her whiskey neat, her opium perfumed, her caviar unsalted and her sex inventively.

Mother Macri bowed low before her. "Is everything satisfactory, Princess?" she cackled obsequiously.

"It is not. That pheasant must have died of old age, while the wine was undoubtedly a victim of infant mortality. The members of your so-called orchestra play as though they haven't been properly introduced. Your dancing girls seem one and all to be afflicted with acne—or something far worse. In which case they undoubtedly contracted it from the waiters who seem to find it necessary to take an undue amount of time away from their duties between courses. And the hashish has all the potency—and much of the aroma—of decaying citrus rinds."

Mother Macri was used to this kind of diatribe from the Princess and remained unruffled. "If your Highness please, I have just received a shipment of excellent hashish from Persia. It is of such a delicately perfumed aroma and has such unquestionable power that I'm sure it will meet with Your Highness' approval."

"Well don't stand there talking. Bring it directly."

"I must caution Your Highness first that this drug of pleasure must be used with care. It may open the way to many delights, but the slightest bit too much of it—"

"Enough of your confounded advertising! Bring it now!"

Mother Macri clapped her hands and waiters appeared with delicately carved urns filled with fragrant powder. She bowed low to the Princess and retired to her office.

A scant hour later a waiter knocked at the door, opened it and nodded once to her. Mother Macri followed him to the royal table. She surveyed the slack-jawed, pasty faces of the unconscious nobles for a moment. Then she ordered a corps of waiters to carry them out the back.

When all the nobles had been sped palaceward by waiting limousines, Mother Macri stepped into the dim

street and held up her white veil. Immediately a black sedan shot down the alleyway and braked to a halt.

Comrade Josef worked fast in the back of the car. He stripped every last stitch of clothing from the Princess and wrapped her nude body in a blanket. He rolled up the garments and shoved them inside the blanket. The car pulled up at the delivery entrance to a large hotel.

A middle-aged bellhop stepped from the shadows and hefted the blanketed figure from the car. He carried it up two flights of stairs, peered cautiously up and down a hall corridor and hurried into a room. Without turning on the light, he fumbled to the closet door and propped up the warm body inside. He removed the blanket, taking the dainty clothes and scattering them under the bed. Then he stepped back to the closet, locked the door without removing the key, and darted out of the room . . .

Josef had gone around to the front of the hotel. He seated himself in the lobby and scanned a newspaper. Some time later he spied a tall, well-dressed Arab carrying a dispatch case through the lobby. When the man entered the elevator, Josef walked to the phone booth in the lobby, placed his handkerchief over the mouthpiece, and dialed . . .

Hakim ben Arra was in a good mood. He had just returned from a dinner with the King's First Minister and was assured of a hearing before His Majesty the next afternoon.

Now Hakim doffed his clothes, washed, and slipped into his pajamas. He pushed back the coverlets on the bed, propped his head comfortably on two pillows and was soon totally immersed in an American movie fan magazine.

His heart bled for Debbie; his ire boiled at Liz; he chuckled at Hedda's hat collection, sighed sadly at the demise of one of the Masons' favorite felines and duly noted the latest intricacies in the love lives of Terry, Debra and Anna Marie.

He was in the middle of a sympathetic psychological parsing of Errol's character when he heard the moan. He cocked his head in puzzlement. There it was again, coming from the closet!

He strode over, turned the key in the lock and flung wide the door. Princess Riva fell into his arms. "My dear young lady," he asked politely, "what in the name of Allah are you doing here?"

"That," she replied acidly, "is what I would like to know." She took a closer look at Hakim. My, he was tall and good-looking! "You know," she said in a much sweeter tone, "there was no need to kidnap me. I would have come willingly."

"What do you—" began Hakim. He had no chance to finish the question.

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There was a sudden loud knocking almost immediately followed by the impact of hefty shoulders crashing through the locked door.

Two mammoth soldiers straightened up and flanked the doorway, curved scimitars held stiffly, the sharp points digging into the carpet. A regal figure marched in between them. A few paces behind came the Minister with whom Hakim had dined earlier that evening.

"Agar!" Riva gasped, her face going pale.

King Agar looked at her stonily. "Cover yourself, Riva," he said coldly. He turned his attention to Hakim. "Who is this man?"

"I—I don't know." Riva's voice quavered.

The King studied them for a moment. His eyes took in Hakim's pajama-clad figure and Riva's desperate fumbling with a blanket to cover her nakedness. When he spoke his voice was eloquent with sarcasm. "I see. You don't know."

"If it please Your Majesty—" The Minister's voice was hushed.

"Yes?"

"He is the aide your uncle assigned to represent the Americans in the oil transaction I was telling you about."

"You mean the transaction you recommended?" The King's voice was icy.

The Minister shuddered. "Yes, Your Majesty."

"I will try to forget you ever mentioned it. For your sake, let us hope that I succeed."

"Thank you. Thank you, Your Majesty."

The King turned to his sister. "Riva, I have warned you before—"

"Please, Agar, you don't understand. It isn't what you think."

"I see. It is undoubtedly just an innocent coincidence that I find you naked in this man's room—"

Hakim interrupted. "Your Majesty," he said, "I have no idea how she got here."

"Of course. No doubt she just materialized from thin air." He glanced at the bed, spying the edge of a garment beneath it. He walked over to it, hooked it with his toe and fished out Riva's evening gown. "And no doubt her clothing just materialized under your bed."

"It is some sort of plot, Your Ma-

jesty, to discredit me and cast a blot upon your sister's reputation."

"My sister's reputation has been spattered with such blots for years. Recently I warned her that if she engaged in one more indiscretion, I would make the man marry her and banish them from my domain. I am now prepared to carry through this judgment."

"And if I don't choose to marry her, Your Highness?"

"Then I shall see that you receive a burial commensurate with your status as a favored aide of my dear uncle."

"I should much prefer marriage," grinned Hakim, "but before the ceremony, will Your Majesty heed me?"

"Be brief," the King intoned.

"Your Majesty is convinced that his sister's presence in my room indicates that an immoral act has been, or was about to be committed. Is that not so?"

The King nodded.

"If I can prove to Your Majesty incontrovertibly that this was not the case, will you absolve your sister and myself from punishment?"

"If you can so prove," the King agreed skeptically.

"And will you hear me out on the American oil leases?"

"You are in no position to bargain," said the King.

"But in fairness, Your Majesty—"

"All right, if you can change black into white, you will deserve to be heard on the American proposition."

Hakim stretched his arms wide with a broad smile. Then he strode directly in front of the King and stood facing him. His fingers reached surely for the string holding up his pajama pants...

...one topmost special qualification. Previous U.S. representatives Transabia failed reason succumbed charms Transrabian women. (Indiscriminate deflowering Transrabian girl by visiting Americans important reason Agar closed country Yanks.) That respect, no worries re Hakim. Sultan chose him especially in view nephew King Agar's ultra-morality. Hakim is a eunuch.

Signoff,
GUNSLINGER



KNIGHTS AND NIGHTIES

(Continued from page 28)

not satisfy his sporting blood. It was too safe and too easy. In order to really have a ball, the true knight had to brave a fierce husband.

In many cases, the husband was the least of it. In order to actually gain his objective, the lover often had to fulfill a series of love tasks that were well-nigh impossible. And

if he could do them, the lady was likely to set him another series. By the time she did decide that he had proved his devotion and was entitled to the fruits of his labor, a knight was apt to be too bushed to do anything about it.

The most successful knights of the bedroom and the ones who founded

the whole business of courtly love were the troubadours or wandering minstrels of the day. Any noble could be a troubador, but in practice they usually turned out to be the more penniless members of the knighthood. They would wander from castle to castle, singing their songs in return for their lodging and a gift.

The best of the troubadours came from Provence which is located in the southern part of France on the Mediterranean Sea. Provence got its name from the fact that it was once a province of those classical lovers par excellence, the Romans. And something in the air of Provence, a simple fact that the Northern knights had not learned up to that time: With women, flattery will get you everywhere.

During the first half of the middle ages, women had a rough time of it. Even the highest born noblewomen were exposed to every sort of danger and discomfort. Not only were they subject to the fortunes of war, but even in peacetime the treatment they received from their lords and masters was not exactly chivalrous. They were sworn at, slapped around and if they dared to argue back they were subject to a stiff punch in the nose. Many were the knights who ended a discussion by bouncing a spouse off a castle wall.

Then, around the time of the twelfth century, the women began to revolt. According to contemporary observers, the girls of the castle were beginning to walk with a wiggle, use their eyes for purposes other than simple seeing and laugh gayly at the slightest male provocation. In short, they were turning feminine.

It was about this time that the troubadours started to roam the countryside.

The results were electric. Much of the time when Sir Troubadour came calling, the knights of the castle were out fighting, jousting or simply tearing up and down the countryside. The ladies were all by themselves and in a mood to be admired.

And admire them the roving troubadour did. In actuality, these ladies were more than capable of taking over the local garrison in their husband's absence. They were perfectly willing to order a man hanged or tortured without batting an eye. They were about as frail and soft as a Nazi Storm Troup leader. But the troubadours treated them as if they were delicate little flowers and the ladies ate it up.

It was a complete social revolution, one of the most thorough-going in the history of manners and morals. And one of the consequences was that the delightful game of cuckoldry became the favorite sport among the upper classes.

At first, it was mainly the troubadours who benefited from the change.

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And why not? They wrote the book. It wasn't long before every lady had at least one favorite troubadour who doubled as lover, story teller and song stylist.

As for the wandering knights, themselves, at first they used to grant their favors indiscriminately, taking on a different lady at each castle. But even for those hardy folk, that sort of existence often grew too dangerous, not to say tiring. Gradually, then, they allowed themselves to be adopted by particular ladies as their followers and to accept a ring or scarf as tokens. If a troubadour were to show these to women at castles, he could discourage an unwelcome affair while still keeping a romantic aura about himself. If the lord were not at home, however, and wifey were attractive enough, he could keep his tokens hidden discreetly in his luggage while he did his best to make out.

Troubadoring, incidentally, was profitable in money as well as in companionship. Many a penniless knight was able to put aside a small fortune in a few years as a result of his talent. When a knight did this, his first act was invariably to buy himself a castle somewhere and get himself married—being careful, of course, to always stay at home when a young troubadour came calling.

It wasn't long before non-singing knights decided that romance could be a lot of fun for them, too. They wouldn't of course, pay any attention to their own wives. In the age of chivalry, marriages were arranged not in heaven, but at business meetings. A marriage was basically a deal that involved money, property and serfs. It was arranged by parents and interested relatives, sometimes before the engaged couple were even born. Marriage during this period could be a lot of things—but the one thing that it almost never was, was romantic.

A single famous exception to this rule was the marriage of Peter Abelard in the twelfth century. Abelard was not a knight, but a scholar and logician with a sharp mind and a controversial personality. His mistress, Heloise, had already given birth to his son when he stole her from her uncle's house with the intention of marrying her. Much to his own surprise, the girl was far from elated at this bit of news. She felt that they'd both be better off if they kept meeting secretly as lovers rather than actually marrying against her guardian's wishes.

She was right. Shortly after the wedding day, some of her uncle's men fixed Abelard in a way that altered his usefulness to her or any other woman.

The point is that if Abelard had the proper-chivalrous spirit, none of this would have happened. A true

knight in Abelard's situation would have helped the uncle arrange a profitable marriage for the girl. Then he would have settled down to a happy love life with her.

When a knight wanted romance, he wisely followed the custom of the day and looked for it with another person's wife.

Like any other major-league sport, the knightly game of cuckoldry was played according to a definite set of rules—in this case, the ones set down by the troubadors and refined by years of practice. According to the rules, there had to be four distinct stages in a proper love affair: Worship from a distance, a state of humble entreaty where the lover is content merely to be near his love, the solemn declaration of love and the final acceptance by the lady.

Every stage had conventions of its own and had to be played out fully like each inning in a baseball game. If a courtly lover did not come through a stage with flying colors, the object of his affections was liable to make like an angry umpire and forfeit the ball game.

The first stage, worship from a distance, was just what the name implied. The knight would use a series of go-betweens, preferably women, to deliver poems and compliments to his intended mistress. Only when the match-makers said that the lady would not mind seeing him, would he come around in person.

During the second stage, the knight would hang around the girl every chance he got while her husband was away—perhaps courting some other knight's wife. He proved his love by flattery and songs, and also by turning pale whenever he caught sight of her. Gifts such as mirrors, handkerchiefs or combs were also permissible in this stage.

When he finally declared his love, it was up to the lady to put him through a series of tests. She could test his mental agility by throwing a group of riddles at him. One favorite, according to contemporary books on the subject, was, "Which half of a woman do you prefer, the upper or the lower?" This had the virtue of putting the poor knight in the wrong no matter which he chose.

In addition to the mental tests, the lady had the right to demand that her would-be lover prove his love in ways that were downright dangerous. She might ask him to enter a certain number of tournaments and fight as her knight. She might even send him traipsing off to the Crusades for five or six years.

Perhaps the limit in love tests was devised by a lady who asked her suitor, a poor clown named Peire de Vidal, to dress himself in a wolf skin and be hunted by castle dogs. He happily obliged. When the animals finally closed in and started to rip

him apart, the girl thought this the funniest thing she ever saw and said she wouldn't dream of interfering. Fortunately, the lady's husband happened to be passing by, chased off the dogs and dressed Peire's wounds. He then proceeded to bawl out his wife for not playing the game.

Once the lady accepted the knight, he was entitled to be her lover as long as he made an effort, at least, to keep the affair a secret. He could then start the whole game over again with another married lady. This would not necessarily interfere with the first affair since no less an authority than the Countess of Champagne said that it was O.K. for a man to love two women and, for that matter, a woman could have a pair of knights.

It is true that passion usually was as strong on the woman's side as it was on the man's. More often than not, the whole business of courtly love was a matter of form to help cuckoldry run its merry course. But, as in any polite society, good form was all important.

It was so important, in fact, that a complicated series of rules were agreed on. Any knight or lady who did not follow these rules was promptly ostracized from the company of all good lovers.

No lady, for example, was permitted to turn down a prospective lover simply because he happened to have a nasty looking war wound. It is wrong for a woman to take on a new knight when the old one is out fighting. A male go-between was not permitted to make love to the lady. But it is all right for a man to pretend to have an affair with one woman in order to test the fidelity of another.

As time went on, many members of the chivalrous set began to have second thought on the whole matter of courtly love. It shouldn't be surprising that most of these doubters turned out to be old roues with grown-up daughters.

One of the ex-lovers, Robert de Blois even wrote a book for his daughter in which he explains how to avoid being a mistress. Included in his set of rules were injunctions against letting herself be kissed on the mouth or the breasts and undressing in the presence of men. This, of course, was contrary to the whole spirit of chivalry!

But while de Blois couldn't stem the tide, time and the breakdown of the feudal system did. As many a Greenwich Village knight has said, middle class values and a healthy sex life just don't mix. And the rise of the middle class killed courtly love and cuckoldry as a way of life.

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wife was in the classic tradition and so were his outside love affairs. Arthur himself behaved quite properly and studiously minded his own business until a group of busybodies practically forced him to catch Guinevere and Lancelot in the act. Until then, the affair had gone on for many years without it harming anybody.

But the Malory stories were the last where the chivalrous morality was celebrated. And today, in their popularized editions, they have been toned down to the point where they are a mere series of adventure stor-

ies with a few episodes of Platonic love—something which was as foreign to the knights, themselves, as water pistols would have been to the heroes of the American West.

Nowadays, the picture of the age of chivalry is one of knights jousting from the backs of their armored steeds. But I prefer to think of them as they were in the nighttimes, gleefully enjoying other men's beds!



THE HIP VAGABOND

(Continued from page 59)

Kemp was born in the midwest in the year 1882. According to an autobiographical novel, he was brought up mainly by female relatives who gave him plenty of love and an uncle who abused him. One day, this account has it, the uncle took a heavy stick to him and beat him until he was senseless. From that time on, he was resentful of authority.

The real facts, however, appear to be not quite so romantic. It was his father who raised him and was as indulgent as any female relative could be. The uncle, himself, was probably a figment of Kemp's fertile imagination.

Whatever the truth, though, Kemp left home in his teens to begin his wanderings about the country. For a while, he worked on a freighter in order to visit foreign lands. But most of this period was spent bumming around the U.S., taking a job when he had to, living the life of a hobo when he did not.

For the "knights of the road" it was a rough era. Small town cops, especially in the south and southwest, were expected to bag their quota of tramps, jail them and put them to work for the county. Kemp was caught in this trap often.

He interrupted his life on the road several times in order to go back to school. But he would get bored with that soon enough, pick up the battered volume of Keats' poetry which he carried with him everywhere, and be off on first slow freight.

In his own poems, he celebrated his wandering life. They were picked up by magazines and newspapers and by the time he decided to hit Greenwich Village and commune with other rebels of the day, he was already somewhat of a celebrity.

In the Village, Kemp could begin to satisfy his desire for an active love life. "I'm looking for the perfect girl," he told a friend. And being a conscientious researcher, he did his best to persuade every girl he met to try out for the role. If he wasn't successful 100% of the time, his batting average managed to make every other Village Lothario envious.

Many of the girls who tried to form the perfect union were followers of Henrietta Rodman, Emma Goldman, Paula Holladay and other feminists. These champions of rights for women were incensed at, among other things, the double standard. If a man could have an active sex life, then it was only proper that a woman should have one, too.

"Isn't it marvelous," one sweet young thing said after a particularly active week. "We can make love to a man and strike a blow for women's rights at the same time!"

But not all of Kemp's affairs were with the feminists who hung around the Village Liberal club. No single group could possibly supply the material he needed in his search for female perfection. As long as a girl was attractive and interesting, Kemp didn't care about her age or, for that matter, her marital status.

Every now and then this was to prove embarrassing. At a Village art show for example, Kemp recognized the picture of a particularly lush looking nude as that of a girl with whom he had spent a few memorable hours. Enthusiastic as always, he was loudly proclaiming her virtues to a group of fascinated friends when the artist appeared. He was large, he was jealous and he was also the lady's husband. Kemp made a hasty departure.

Perhaps the biggest scandal in Kemp's career came in 1911 when he ran off with the wife of the famous writer, Upton Sinclair. Sinclair had already written his best known novel, *The Jungle*, about the Chicago stockyards and had founded a Utopian community at Englewood, New Jersey.

Though both Sinclair and his wife had recently written articles that expressed advanced views on the divorce laws, the novelist reacted traditionally by threatening to sue. Kemp answered with a statement to the effect that he and the lady were married in the sight of God.

Kemp's own attitude toward winning and keeping a woman in this period was perhaps summed up in

one of the few short stories he wrote at that time, "The First Courtship." The tale was set in caveman days and begins: "Kaa got his mate by capture—real capture, not by the still vigorous though sham capture of later days when the woman willingly allowed herself to be carried off."

The story is a description of the hero's forcible rape of the heroine. In the end, after Kaa has beaten her up and had his way, she comes to and shows her feminine nature by stroking the cheek of her conqueror, and, apparently, they lived happily ever after.

In the case of his own elopement, however, things did not work out quite that way. Shortly after Kemp made his manifesto about being married to the lady in the sight of God, she left him for a third party, leaving Harry to look rather foolish about the affair.

Kemp was steadfast in his disapproval of marriage—in spite of the fact that he twice slipped from the state of bachelorhood.

The most interesting of his two wives was Mary Pyne, a beautiful and intelligent redhead who Kemp decided was his perfect woman.

Among other things, Mary Pyne was a writer, a newspaper reporter and an actress member of the famous Provincetown Players.

With a talented pair such as Harry and Mary Kemp, the course of true love could not be expected to run in the Hollywood manner. And right from the start, it didn't.

As a matter of fact, Kemp later claimed that he never had any intention of marrying the girl. The whole thing happened by accident, he insisted. Actually he was planning to carry her off to Capri and start a free love colony when, "I suddenly realized what a fragile child she was. The next day we were married in Jersey...."

True to his principles in spirit, if not in fact, however, he tore the marriage certificate in little pieces directly after the ceremony. He flung the scraps of paper into the wind as a kind of pagan rite.

A few years later, the two were divorced.

In addition to his bedroom activities, Kemp's political thought marks him as a real bohemian. Like the modern hipster, Kemp opposed whatever happened to be the popular current of thought.

In the teens, for example, he was an active member of the Liberal club. He spoke out for socialism, votes for women, free love and the other unpopular causes of the day.

Many of Kemp's poems appeared in *Masses*, an irreverent left wing magazine, edited by Max Eastman. Kemp's poetry glorified the "exploited" classes and attacked British imperialism and U.S. capitalists.

By the time the thirties rolled around, the popularity of the left was at its height. In the era of the great depression, most everyone who fancied himself an intellectual was also a "parlor pink." He was for the Loyalists in Spain, thought Soviet Russia was a fine, democratic place and felt that art and the artist should be in the vanguard of the class struggle.

But this attitude had become far too bourgeois for Harry Kemp. By now, he had taken the position that would be closer to that of the modern beat. Politics has nothing to do with poetry; poetry is what you feel in your soul.

One movement which was bound to cause a great deal of talk was nudism. And Kemp, always the nature lover, was in the forefront. Now, nudism is a little difficult to carry on seriously with a group that lives in apartments and furnished rooms. The free-thinkers tried. They would take off their clothes and sit around unconcernedly talking about life and art. But the very closeness of the surroundings in a Village flat tended to inhibit even the most expansive souls.

All this was cured when a group of Villagers including Max Eastman moved to the town of Croton and, much to the dismay of the older suburbanites, invited their friends up to visit them.

The climax came one night when Kemp led a group in a nude moonlight swim. In addition to the regulars, the bare guest of honor was none other than Leon Trotsky!

The key to Harry Kemp may well be that whatever he did, he always thought of himself as a poet. When girls gave themselves to him at an increasingly dizzy rate, he seriously considered this as part of his poetic search for the perfect woman.

Perhaps he summed it all up himself in a note he wrote to Max Eastman. Eastman had offered to hire Kemp to be his assistant on *Masses*.

"Dear Max," he wrote. "I don't want to be an editor anymore. I must live and die a poet...."

A few months ago, Kemp did die. He was 78 years old and still a poet. He had left the Village in the thirties and was living in Provincetown, keeping house in a fisherman's shack that he shared at one time with his friend, Eugene O'Neill.

The beats and the hipsters, cool cats and dungareed chicks, probably never heard of Harry Kemp. And this is a shame. For they should drink a quick toast to him every once in a while when they are on the road or on the Beach or in the Village. Because, whether they remember him or not, he was one of them.

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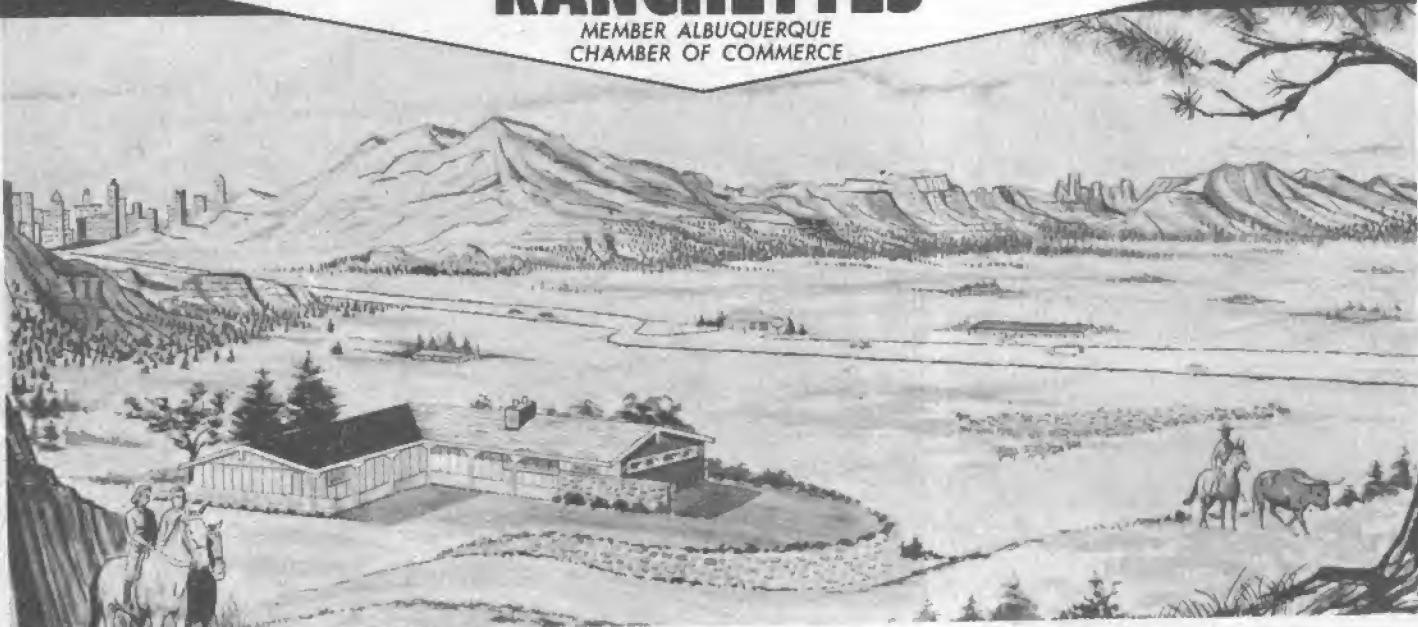
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4. Miami, Florida	917,851	85.4	\$5,000 — \$10,000
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